THE LIVING AGE:

A Weekly Magazine of Contemporary Literature and Thought.

(FOUNDED BY E. LITTELL IN 1844.)

SEVENTH SERIES VOLUME XVII. NO. 3046. NOV. 22, 1902. FROM BEGINNING Vol. CCXXXV.

THE EDINBURGH REVIEW.*

On May 24, 1802, Francis Jeffrey wrote to a friend that the publication of the first number of "our Review has been postponed till September, and I am afraid it will not go on with much spirit even then. Perhaps we have omitted the tide that was in our favor. We are bound for a year to the booksellers, and shall drag through that, I suppose, for our own indemnification." A month later he writes that the Review will *certainly* appear in October. Jeffrey does not doubt that "it will make a respectable appearance" as long as it lasts, but he contemplates the early dispersion of that brilliant set of young men by whom it was being launched, and he makes the consolatory reflection that he himself is at least only bound by his engagements to the first four numbers, and he "hardly expects the Review itself to have a much longer life."

In October, 1802, the "'Edinburgh Review or Critical Journal'—to be continued quarterly"—was published by Constable, of Edinburgh, and Longman & Rees, of London. As is well known, Sydney Smith, the original projector of the Review, edited the first number; after which Jeffrey took up and retained the Editorship till 1829, when, on being unanimously elected by his brethren of the Scottish Bar (amongst whom a large proportion were Tories) their Dean of Faculty, he resigned the position he had held for twenty-seven years, rightly thinking that it was hardly fitting that the official head of a great law corporation should continue to conduct an aggressively Whig journal. He withdrew accordingly completely from the direct management of the Review, and even ceased to be a regular contributor to its pages.

Lord Jeffrey often declared himself "a pessimist," to the no small astonishment of many who found him in social intercourse the most cheerful

* 1. "The 'Edinburgh Review'" (1802-1902).
2. "On the Authorship of the First Hundred Numbers of the 'Edinburgh Review.'" By W. A. Copinger. Privately printed. Manchester: 1895.
3. "The First Edinburgh Reviewers." Literary Studies, vol. 1. By Walter Bagehot. Second edition. London: Longmans. 1879.
4. "The Rev. Sydney Smith's Miscellaneous Works, including his Contributions to the 'Edinburgh Review.'" Longmans.
5. "The Life and Letters of Lord Jeffrey." By Lord Cockburn. Edinburgh: A. and C. Black. 1852.
6. "Selected Correspondence of the late Macvey Napier." London: Macmillan. 1879.
7. "Life and Letters of Lord Macaulay." By Sir George Trevelyan, Bart. London: Longmans. 1876.
8. "Memoirs of the Life of Henry Reeve." By John Knox Laughton. Second edition. London: Longmans. 1898.

and high-spirited as well as the most brilliant of men. But his real intimates knew his habitual tendency to augur unfavorably of the outcome of events in which he was deeply interested; a tendency which certainly colored, sometimes too strongly, the political outlook of the Review.

On this occasion all fears and doubts as to the success of the new venture were quickly at an end. "The effect of the first number," we are told, "was electrical, and instead of expiring, as many wished, in their first effort, the force of the shock was increased by each subsequent discharge. It is impossible for those who did not live at the time, and in the heart of the scene, to feel or almost to understand the impression made by the new luminary or the anxieties with which its motions were observed." So wrote Lord Cockburn in 1852, from personal recollection of events then half a century old.

Another half-century has now passed, and it is permitted to us to look back in this October, 1902, over the hundred years' career of the journal started in Edinburgh with so much misgiving by Francis Jeffrey and his friends. As to its spirit, its vitality, its power, there could be no dispute. The "Edinburgh Review" was the pioneer in a region of literature then almost unexplored but since abundantly cultivated. In a whole century of political and literary criticism, it would be foolish for its most extravagant admirers to pretend that its judgment was infallible or that its opinions have always been affirmed by posterity. Jeffrey himself would have been the last to claim inspired authority for the Review, and nothing less than inspiration could have made it always right. He and his associates were able, energetic, widely read, quick-witted men of the world, who, if they sometimes failed to appreciate the merits of the works they discussed, understood very thoroughly the average mass of men who read them. Under the guidance of men such as these the "Edinburgh Review" attained a position of eminence never before reached by a literary and political journal. It is impossible to look back without pride to the rare ability, the lofty standards, the patriotic motives, and the absolute independence of the "Edinburgh Review," and not to rejoice that, on the whole, its weight throughout the greater controversies of a century has been thrown on that side which the wisdom that comes after the event has declared to be the right one.

We know from Sydney Smith, Lord Cockburn, and others, everything about the birth and early years of the Review. In 1755 there had been started in the capital of Scotland an "Edinburgh Review" which had only survived for a single year, its second number being also its last. Since then there had been no critical journal in Scotland at all, and in England, where there were, no doubt, reviews in existence, their general feebleness, and the fact that they abstained almost entirely from the discussion of matter not purely literary, left the field open to an organ largely occupied with the boldest enunciation of political views and the sharpest criticism of public measures. The set of young men who used to meet together in the spring of 1802 to discusss in Jeffrey's rooms in Buccleuch Place the great project of Sydney Smith, included Henry Brougham; Francis Horner; Thomas Brown, known in later life as the eminent and vigorous representative of the Scotch metaphysical school and the colleague of Dugald Stewart in the chair of Moral Philosophy in Edinburgh; Alexander Hamilton, a distinguished Orientalist, afterwards Professor of Sanskrit at Hailebury; Dr.

John Thomson, afterwards Professor of Pathology in the University of Edinburgh; Lord Webb Seymour; John Allen; John A. Murray (afterwards Lord Murray); and one or two more.

Jeffrey has been described as a born critic. Certainly he had trained himself in that line of literature from his earliest days, for not only had he been accustomed at the age of fifteen and sixteen to write essays on very various subjects, but he had gone further and had practised, whilst still a boy, his critical faculties on his own productions. Having spent two winter sessions at Glasgow College, he went to Oxford in October, 1791, remaining there, however, only to the end of the following June. The active-minded young Scotsman, athirst for knowledge, was bitterly disappointed at the slackness of professors and the dawdling indifferentism of Oxonian youth. It was a bad period in English university history; but, as in later days, Jeffrey's criticism was, no doubt, strongly colored when he wrote to a Glasgow college friend that "except praying and drinking, I see nothing to be acquired in this place." If Oxford was then at its worst, Edinburgh was at its best; and the change to Edinburgh, where he read for the Bar, and became a member of the Speculative Society, and the intimate friend of the brilliant set of young men there congregated, at length opened to him a new world. For a time, however, Jeffrey, looking back regretfully to Glasgow, writes with almost as much severity of Edinburgh as he had done of Oxford. That he read much and wrote much and thought much is clear. He scribbled verse abundantly, and it was as a poet that he then thought he was most likely to win fame. He never published his poetry, wisely no doubt, since his very friendly biographer, Lord Cockburn, tells us that it would not have raised his reputation. "His poetry is less poetical than his prose. Viewed as a literary practice it is rather respectable." As regards his early political and unpublished writings, Lord Cockburn speaks with much greater appreciation, and it is interesting to find that from the very beginning to the end his outlook on politics remained the same. A lengthy paper by Jeffrey, written when he was twenty years of age, survives. "His doctrines were those of a philosophical Whig; firm to the popular principles of our government, and, consequently, firm against any encroachment, whether from the monarchical or democratical side," and he condemns the war with France that had just been proclaimed. Except, however, occasional contributions to the "Monthly Review," it does not appear that Jeffrey had before the birth of the "Edinburgh" ever published anything.

Jeffrey and his guests in Buccleuch Place were young men who had not as yet made a position in the world; but their extreme youthfulness has been exaggerated by those who sought to find in it a heavy reproach which would tend to diminish the weight of their criticism. In 1802 Sydney Smith was just over and Francis Jeffrey just under thirty, whilst Horner was twenty-four and Brougham twenty-three. The first editor has told how he proposed as the motto of the new journal

> Tenui musam meditamur avena,
> We cultivate literature upon a little oatmeal,

"but this was too near the truth to be admitted, and so we took our present grave motto from Publius Syrus, of whom none of us, I am sure, ever read a single line." [1]

[1] Preface to the Works of the Rev. Sydney Smith. 3 vols.

How these men struck a very competent and disinterested observer before their fame was established may be read in a letter from Mr. T. N. Longman written from Edinburgh, where he had been a good deal impressed by the advantages that would accrue to his publishing business from co-operation with Constable. Mr. Longman had seen an early copy of the first number of the "Edinburgh Review."

It is written (without pay) by some young men (whose names I have down, tho' they are pretended to be secret) of very great abilities. I have not read much, but they seem to be more fond of displaying their critical acumen than the contents of the book, or of maintaining the grave dignity of their office. There is some excellent writing. . . . I have secured the second edition of the "Border Minstrelsy" for us. Walter Scott is a very first-rate man.

As a result of this visit of Mr. Longman to the northern capital, his firm became joint publishers of the "Edinburgh Review" with Constable, sole publishers of the second edition of the "Minstrelsy," and of the first edition of the "Lay of the Last Minstrel," which appeared in January, 1805. "*Longmanum est errare*," wrote Walter Scott to George Ellis in humorous deprecation of the alleged non-delivery to the latter of a presentation copy of "The Lay." Certainly there was little error on the part of that enterprising publisher in his shrewd comment upon the Edinburgh reviewers, or in his power of gauging men and books when the tale came to be told to his partner of how he had "fared within the North." It is an interesting and probably unique fact in the history of publishing, that the lapse of a century should find a periodical extant in the same hands as had published the first number.

The Review appeared on October 10, 1802, with the same title page and in the same guise, as it does to-day. Sometimes it has happened in the history of the publication of a long series, that under the old name a practically new work has been started and continued. But there has been no change of that kind here. In October, 1802, appeared the 1st number and in October, 1902, appears the 402nd number of the "Edinburgh Review," the "Critical Journal," published quarterly by Longmans.

Buff and blue, it is needless to say, had long been the colors of the Whig party, supposed to have been adopted by them out of sympathetic admiration for Washington and his army who wore buff and blue uniforms during the War of Independence. As a matter of fact Washington's uniform was that worn by Virginian officers in the King's service before the Rebellion.

We suppose that no modern reader surfeited with the mass of periodical literature, of political and literary criticism that is poured every month and week and day upon his table, is quite able to understand why it was that the contents of the earlier numbers of the "Edinburgh Review" should have set the world on fire. Certainly a mere perusal of the principal articles in the earlier two or three years of its career will not enlighten him, unless he takes into account the wide difference between the conditions in those days and in these. In the first number, containing 252 pages, there are no fewer than twenty-nine articles, some of them running to only one, two, or three pages, and forming therefore rather notices of books than what are now considered formal reviews. Of these articles nine were written by Sydney Smith, six by Jeffrey, five by Francis Horner, three by Brougham, and two by Dr. John Thomson. Brougham, though he contributed

to the first two numbers, hardly came within the inner circle of the management of the Review till after the third number. Amongst the most important papers in the first were those by Horner on the "Paper Credit of Great Britain," and by Brougham on the "Crisis in the Sugar Colonies." The number opened with an article by Jeffrey upon a book just published by Mounier, late President of the first National Assembly, on the causes of the French Revolution, in which paper the Review at once entered upon the discussion of events which had done more than anything else in the preceding ten years to decide the political bias of Englishmen. The views expressed were moderate as well as liberal at a time when men found it almost impossible to be either moderate or liberal in treating of the French Revolution. Jeffrey's review of Southey's "Thalaba" in the same number was a strong protest against the doctrines and performances of a new "sect of poets, of which Southey was one of the chief champions and apostles." They were all of them, it was vehemently urged, "*dissenters* from the established system in poetry and criticism." They laid claim to "a creed and revelation of their own," though their doctrines really were of "German origin." "As Mr. Southey is the first author of this persuasion that has yet been brought before us for judgment, we cannot discharge our inquisitorial office conscientiously without premising a few words upon the nature and tendency of the tenets he has helped to propagate." The first skirmish, in what was to become prolonged war, with the "Lakers" had begun! There would always be readers, it was feared, who would find entertainment in "the representation of vulgar manners in vulgar language," to whom elegance and dignity were of no importance, and who would accept a style due in fact to a system "teaching us to undervalue that vigilance and labor which sustained the loftiness of Milton, and gave energy and direction to the pointed and fine propriety of Pope." Still, severe as are the strictures upon what he regards as the affectations and absurdities of the new school, Jeffrey admits the poetic genius occasionally displayed in Southey's works, and allows that "in the two concluding books there is some very fine poetry." There might even be some chance, in the judge's opinion, for the creditable future of the lawless men who were brought before him, would they but honestly endeavor to restrain their powers within the rules which sound criticism of all ages had prescribed.

The second number of the Review, published in January, 1803, opened with an article on Kant's philosophy by Thomas Brown, who frankly confesses that he is unacquainted with the original works of that philosopher, and has therefore to depend wholly on the fidelity of M. Villers, his French expositor. Indeed, it was at that time by French influence that the Scottish school of metaphysics was chiefly affected, German influences having come in later under the lead of Hamilton and his followers. Jeffrey reviewed Paley's "Natural Theology" and Denon's "Travels in Lower and Upper Egypt during Bonaparte's campaigns," whilst Brougham in an article on European policy contributed a defence of the system of the balance of power, which he considered (therein differing from many liberals in those days and in these) to be based upon sound principles, though he admitted that in practice it had often been greatly abused. In strong language he paints the advantages that in the preceding century had resulted from the determination of the general body of European Powers to refuse to allow an

overweening predominance to any one of them.

We may indeed look to the history of the last century (eighteenth) as the proudest æra in the annals of the species; the period most distinguished for learning and skill and industry; for the milder virtues and for common sense; for refinement in government, and an equal diffusion of liberty: above all, for that perfect knowledge of the arts of administration, which has established certain general rules of conduct among nations; has prevented the overthrow of empires, and the absorption of weak states into the bodies of devouring neighbors; has set bounds to the march of conquest, and rendered the unsheathing of the sword a measure of the last adoption; whereas in other times it was also resorted to in the first instance.

From the vantage-ground of 1902 we can compare with a sense of complacency the course of the century which was then opening to the Review, with the preceding century to which Brougham was so complimentary; for assuredly in all the characteristics enumerated the century that has just expired greatly surpassed its predecessor, though we should be very far from applying the word "perfect" in our own times either to the arts of administration or the regulation of international affairs.

Brougham goes on to weigh the advantages for Great Britain of a policy of "splendid isolation" against those accruing from a systematic partaking in the general affairs of Europe.

"Many politicians," he says, "who have no hesitation in recommending the balancing system to such Powers as Austria and Prussia, placed in the heart of Europe, and surrounded by many other states of various complexions and magnitudes, are yet of opinion that the situation of Britain is very different; that she is by nature insulated from the rest of Europe; that she can defend herself against any invasion by means of her natural barrier and internal resources; and that she ought not to sacrifice the improvement of these resources, and the means of maintaining peace, to the vain wish of holding the European balance, and embroiling herself in the stormy politics of foreign states."

Brougham says that he has no space to discuss fully so large a national question:—

"But," he continues, "we cannot avoid remarking that so long as Great Britain is engaged in a commercial intercourse with other nations; so long as her insular situation only serves to extend and promote these commercial relations; so long as other nations possess a large portion of sea-coast, engage in a wide commercial circle, and are acquiring a navy of formidable power; so long as Britain interferes with them in other quarters of the globe, where her dominions are the most valuable and extensive;—it is an abuse of language to talk of her being separated from the continent of Europe by the Straits of Dover. The transport of an army by sea is often more easy than to march over a considerable tract of land. The fate of a naval engagement is often more quick, decisive, and dependent upon fortune than the siege of barrier towns or the forcing of mountain passes. . . . To say that England may trust to her fleets is to recommend a full reliance upon the chance of a single battle or the event of a sea-chase, to inculcate a silly confidence in good fortune, and to advise that the fate of Great Britain should be committed to the changes of the elements, the shifting of a wind, or the settling of a fog."

In short, to our armies, and to our international policy, hardly less than to our fleet, belongs, in Brougham's opinion, the real defence of the kingdom.

It is exceedingly interesting to compare these views with those expressed in an article in the "Edinburgh Review" of October, 1870, by Mr. Gladstone, then Prime Minister—a paper

full of noble thought and of the highest patriotism, though pervaded by the tendency, not uncommon with the greatest characters, to see and to believe that which his own high aspirations made him desire rather than what was. The month of July had opened "with cloudless tranquility on the face of Europe," but a few weeks had seen the overthrow of that Great Power which had held the military primacy in Europe for two hundred and fifty years. After dealing with the causes and probable consequences of these great events, he asks what is to be our share as a member of the European family of the political lessons of the war and its results:—

It will be our own fault if they are anything but good and useful. Happy England! Happy, not because any Immaculate Conception exempted her from that original sin of nations, the desire to erect Will into Right, and the lust of territorial aggrandizement. Happy, not only because she is *felix prole virûm*, because their United Kingdom is peopled by a race unsurpassed, as a whole, in its energies and endowments. But happy, with a special reference to the present subject, in this, that the wise dispensation of Providence has cut her off by that streak of silver sea—which passengers so often and so justly execrate—though in no way from the duties and the honors, yet partly from the dangers, absolutely from the temptations, which attend upon the local neighborhood of the continental nations.

That twenty miles of sea had proved, "even against the great Napoleon, an impregnable fortification." Modern changes, the introduction of steam, the increased importance belonging to the possession of coal and iron, had operated, on the whole, to our advantage, and maritime supremacy more than in the past had "become the proud—perhaps the indefectible—inheritance of England." As an aggressive military Power on the Continent, we should never be formidable—"we are an essentially, incurably, maritime Power." We had outlived the craving for mere material extension, as well as those fits of feverish excitement which beset us "lest other nations should do for themselves a fiftieth part of what we had done for ourselves." At home we were prosperous and contented. "Ireland, our ancient reproach, can no longer fling her grievances in the face of Great Britain." Thus the natural destiny of Great Britain was to become "the appropriate object of the general confidence, as the sole, comparatively, unsuspected Power." On all sides she would be courted as a disinterested friend and as a useful mediator to avert the quarrels of others. One thing only was needful to secure this great position:—

We should do as we would be done by. We should seek to found a moral empire upon the confidence of the nations, not upon their fears, their passions, or their antipathies. Certain it is that a new law of nations is gradually taking hold of the mind, and aiming to sway the practice of the world; a law which recognizes independence, which frowns upon aggression, which favors the pacific rule, which aims at permanent not temporary adjustments; above all, which recognizes as a tribunal of paramount authority the general judgment of civilized mankind.

Mr. Gladstone's forecast has, unfortunately, not been realized; and his language can be applied with as little accuracy to the actual state of things existing from 1870 to the present day as could the language of Brougham's retrospect to the golden age of the eighteenth century!

We must return, however, to the earlier days of the Review. Of the first number 750 copies were printed, and in half a dozen years the circula-

tion had increased to many thousands, and it must be remembered that the number of copies originally printed by no means represents the number ultimately purchased by the public. Each number had in fact a "book value" which remained for years. Thus we have before us vol. i. "Edinburgh Review," 10th edition, published in 1814, and a 7th edition of vol. ii. and of vol. iii., published in 1814 and 1815 respectively. The original idea was to run the Review without giving any remuneration to the writers. "It was to be all gentlemen and no pay." After the third number a change was made, for we find Jeffrey writing in May, 1803, to Horner that in consequence of a negotiation between Sydney Smith and the publishers the latter were willing for the future to pay 200*l.* a year to the Editor, and 10*l.* a sheet to him and to other contributors, terms which, Mr. Longman said, "were without precedent," as, for the matter of that, was the success of the new journal. It is difficult in these days to realize the sort of coy feeling with which men regarded any direct pecuniary relations with the press. Jeffrey, however, found that all his men would consent to accept their ten pounds, and "under the sanction of their example" he thought he might accept the salary offered "without being supposed to have suffered any degradation." Lord Byron, it will be remembered, in "English Bards and Scotch Reviewers," taunted Jeffrey on this point—

To Jeffrey go, be silent and discreet,
His pay is just ten sterling pounds a sheet—

and in the notes to the same satire he made it a reproach to Walter Scott that "The Lay" and "Marmion" were "written for hire." Before long the minimum remuneration in the Review was raised to sixteen guineas a sheet, at which figure it remained throughout Jeffrey's time, though very many of the articles were paid for at a higher rate. It was on this ordinary scale, it may be mentioned, that Mr. Gladstone was remunerated for the article of October, 1870, already referred to.

The undisputed authority over the whole field of literature which in half a dozen years the Review had won for itself could hardly be expected to last, and it was not desirable in the interest of the public that it should. The "Edinburgh" was started and had been mainly supported by strong Whigs. The Tories naturally wished to have an organ of their own. In February, 1809, the "Quarterly" appeared, and Jeffrey, whose indolence, he says, would have been better pleased at the absence of all rivalry, did not altogether dislike the prospect of sharp antagonism now opening before him. He rejoiced, indeed, as he was well entitled to do, that "this kind of literature," which seems to be "more attended to than any other," was likely to be improved by competition, and he was proud of the example he had set. It has been said that a particular article[3] by Jeffrey on the resistance offered by Spanish patriotism to Napoleonic aggresssion in the previous October number was so exasperating to Tory feelings that no further delay could be tolerated in bringing into the lists the new champion of their party. It is certain that the Cevallos article

[3] "Don Pedro Cevallos on The French Usurpation of Spain," Edinburgh Review, October, 1808. This article was formerly attributed to Brougham, by whom it was included in his "Contributions to the 'Edinburgh Review,'" published in 1856. Brougham's recollections cannot always be implicitly trusted, but there appears to be reason for thinking that Brougham had in fact some minor share in producing the article, which was certainly in the main Jeffrey's work. The paper was not included in Jeffrey's four volumes of "Contributions to the 'Edinburgh Review,'" published in 1844; but the article perhaps hardly came within the principle of rigid selection laid down by Jeffrey himself in his preface.

did rouse much hostile comment; and we are told how Lord Buchan (the clever though eccentric elder brother of Harry and Tom Erskine, respectively Lord Advocate and Lord Chancellor), solemnly placing the offending number of the Review on the floor of his hall in George Street, kicked it deliberately into the centre of the street, where it was left to be trampled in the mud. There is in this paper not the slightest trace of unpatriotic sentiment, and only the extreme sensitiveness of a generation which had seen the Reign of Terror, to the dangers which popular views might bring upon the British Constitution, can account for the exaggerated denunciation which it incurred.

The main contentions of this famous article were two. The Government was condemned for frittering away the martial strength of the nation in a multitude of minor expeditions, instead of imitating the strategical policy of Napoleon in striking with every effort and with overwhelming force at the very heart of the enemy. Secondly, it was made a subject for true rejoicing that at last Napoleon had found a foe, outside the circle of the jealous and self-seeking ambitions of European autocrats who had hitherto opposed him, in the patriotic and freedom-loving spirit of a people whose king and nobility had deserted them. A hearty alliance between the British nation and a people struggling for independence would do good to both, and would revive in the former the belief in popular principles held by most Englishmen before the great *throw back* of the French Revolution. The first of these positions is now the commonplace of history, and the last would not cause a twentieth-century Tory, if such a being survives, to wince.

We have seen that the projectors of the "Edinburgh Review" were strong Whigs, and so were, for the most part, the most eminent of its contributors during the first half-dozen years of its existence. A notable exception was Walter Scott. He was an intimate friend of Jeffrey, and he had contributed several articles of value to the Review on literary and antiquarian topics. In 1807 Scott vainly endeavored to recruit Southey as an "Edinburgh" reviewer, but the vehement Toryism of the latter, and the severity with which he had been criticised by Jeffrey, rendered Scott's efforts useless. Scott had naturally from the beginning disliked the political partisan tone, as he thought it, which more and more was coloring the whole character of the Review. He had remonstrated more than once with Jeffrey on the excessive importance given to party politics, and had received his answer. "The 'Review,'" said the latter, "has, in short, but two legs to stand on. Literature is one of them, but its right leg is politics." The April number of the Review of 1808, six months before the crowning offence of the Spanish article, had contained a review by Jeffrey of "Marmion," a paper generally referred to as bitterly depreciatory of the poem, and of the genius of its author. Already Scott had been consulting Canning, Ellis, John Murray, and others as to the possibility of founding a rival organ. The cup was at last full. Scott never again wrote for the "Edinburgh," and, as we have seen, the "Quarterly" was launched in February, 1809.

It is clear that the time had come, and the man, for resistance to the domination of the Whig Review. There were many, doubtless, who shared the fears of Walter Scott that by its means Whig politics were becoming disseminated in the most jealously guarded of Tory preserves. "No genteel family," he writes, in November, 1808, to George Ellis, "can pre-

tend to be without the 'Edinburgh Review,' because, independent of its politics, it gives the only valuable literary criticisms which can be met with." As with the Cevallos article, so again with regard to Jeffrey's review of "Marmion," far more importance in bringing to birth the great Tory organ was assigned than really belonged to it. Walter Scott was no thin-skinned member of an *irritabile genus*. The very evening after he had read the criticism, his critic came to dine with him; and with the exception of a natural little ebullition on the part of Mrs. Scott, there was nothing to diminish the social cordiality of the party. The relations always maintained, in spite of wide and outspoken differences of opinion, between Scott and Jeffrey did credit to both, bore witness to the manliness of their characters, and afforded an example unhappily too rarely imitated by eminent men who in later times have held the position of criticised and critic.

But, in real truth, Walter Scott had much reason to view with complacency the article which had so greatly irritated the blindest of his worshippers. Just as Wilkes never was a Wilkite, so we may be sure that Scott's self-appreciation was not of that order which demands universal adulation. Jeffrey was essentially a modern. Busy with his profession, busy with his political reforms, busy with reading all the new books as they came out, acquainting himself with every new idea, thinking of the present and looking hopefully to the future, he could not but be a contrast to Scott deep in the romanticism and chivalry of the past, and viewing with despondency and dread the democratic changes which the years would bring. To the critic it seemed that to write a modern romance of chivalry was to mistake the spirit of the age—to be "much such a fantasy as to build a modern abbey or an English pagoda." This, then, was the fundamental fault of poems such as "Marmion" or "The Lay." In the former Jeffrey, moreover, strangely discovered a neglect of Scottish feelings, a deadness to the sense of national patriotism! But he allowed to "Marmion" "great merits and various kinds of merit." As to the account of Flodden Field, the Review declares that "certainly of all the poetical battles which have been fought from the days of Homer to those of Mr. Southey, there is none in our opinion at all comparable for interest and animation—for breadth of drawing and magnificence of effort—with this of Mr. Scott." The description is quoted at length, and the critic continues: "this powerful poetry is superior in our apprehension to all that this author has hitherto published, and with a few faults of diction, equal to anything that has ever been written upon similar subjects."

The natural effect of the rivalry of the "Quarterly Review" was to intensify the party spirit of the "Edinburgh." In the first half-dozen years of the "Edinburgh," though the contributors were nearly all Whigs, certainly many of the articles, even some of those bearing directly upon politics, though of a liberalizing tendency, had disclosed but little partisanship, in the narrow sense of the word. Henceforth the division was complete. Whigs turned to the "Edinburgh" and Jeffrey, Tories to the "Quarterly" and Gifford. During the monopoly of the "Edinburgh," eminent men, desirous of having their say on the literary, artistic, or scientific topics of the time, in an organ certain to reach every intellectual circle of readers, had, of necessity, recourse to its pages. If the politics of that journal were distasteful to them, contributors and readers were constrained to swallow them nevertheless. But a change had now come.

The two great Reviews had become standard-bearers of the two great political parties; and whether we consider the political or literary interest of the general public, it must be admitted that there was ample room for both. The rise of the new journal thus marks an important era in the life of the "Edinburgh Review."

The circulation of the older Review, far from being checked, rapidly increased. In 1814 over 12,000 copies per quarter were printed; the numbers rising to more than 13,500 in the years 1817 and 1818, the highest point ever attained.

Jeffrey had already accomplished, and more than accomplished, his purpose. His aspiration was to establish a critical authority which should be at once honest, enlightened, and independent. Again and again in his letters he pours contempt on the kind of literary criticism which had hitherto prevailed. It was generally to the last degree incompetent, ignorant, and dull; and it was for the most part at the command of booksellers who wished simply to puff their own wares. His organ prided itself from the beginning on its inaccessibility to the influence of the trade. It would serve the public interest, and the public interest alone; and on many occasions it showed an almost Roman superiority to claims due to the personal ties of friendship or to considerations of business relationship. The fact that Walter Scott was one of Jeffrey's best friends, that "The Lay" and "Marmion" were published by Longmans and Constable, the publishers of the "Edinburgh," did not deflect by a hair's breadth the critical judgment of the Review. Men like Walter Scott were big enough to understand this, and to give Jeffrey credit for it even when they disagreed with his judgment and winced under his criticism. Thus, on the whole, happy relations were preserved with old friends; and as time went on intimate friendship and mutual respect grew up even between those who had first come into contact through the difficult relation of author and critic.

Perhaps one of the most curious experiences of this kind arose out of Jeffrey's review of Moore's poetry in 1806. The Irishman challenged the critic, who, seconded by Francis Horner, met the indignant author at Chalk Farm; but the fight was prevented by the myrmidons of Bow Street, who conveyed both parties before the magistrate, by whom they were promptly bound over to keep the peace. Byron has made the meeting famous in lines which suggest, without any foundation, that no real mischief was intended. Perhaps some color was given to the suggestion by the fact that at the police station no bullet was found in Jeffrey's pistol, and that he and Moore made friends almost before they had left the battlefield. The Scotchman explained that his criticism only meant that the tendency of Moore's poetry was immoral, and conveyed no reflection on the author's private character, about which alone the Irishman was solicitous. The Editor in this strange way won not only a friend but a contributor. Moore, in later days, wrote for the Review, and became the honored guest of its Editor at Craig Crook.

It is very intelligible that men such as Jeffrey and his associates—men gifted with great literary acumen, but who were actively engaged in the different professions and pursuits of life—should have felt an exaggerated contempt for those who seemed to them to be penmen and nothing else. The notion that some small literary coterie, holding itself aloof from the active world, was to lay down the laws which regulated poetry and taste, and to assume airs of superiority even towards the acknowledged great mas-

ters of the English language, drove them to distraction. They had themselves perhaps too little leisure to appreciate contemplative poetry at its true value. That the "Lakers" were "a puling and self-admiring race" was their honest if prejudiced opinion in 1816,[1] as it had been when, fourteen years earlier, in the very first number of the Review, Southey and his school had been called up for judgment.

It was not only between the critics and the criticised that trouble arose in the early days of the Review. It had become, of course, a very valuable property, and disputes soon sprang up between rival claimants to the right of publishing it in London. Early in 1806 Constable had proposed to transfer the entire London publication to Murray. Longmans, however, had the law on their side, and, on the strength of their previous agreement with Constable, they obtained an injunction to restrain any other publisher in London from selling the "Edinburgh Review" without their consent. Whatever may have been the merits of the dispute, it was put an end to the following year by Longmans selling their whole property in the title and future publication of the Review for 1,000*l*. Accordingly Murray became the proprietor of the London rights in the Review, and under his auspices No. 21 (Oct. 1807) was brought out. At this time the London circulation was 3,500 a quarter; and it seems that about five-sevenths of the whole issue went to London. Murray and Constable, however, did not long work together, and in 1808 the latter established a London house for the sale of the Review, withdrawing it entirely from Murray; and between the two considerable coolness resulted. It was in the year that the Review bore the name of John Murray as publisher on the title-page that Jeffrey's slashing article on Wordsworth's poetry, and the review of "Marmion" already noticed, made their appearance. In October, 1814, Longmans repurchased from Constable, for 4,500*l*., their former rights in the Review—rights which they had relinquished to him seven years before for 1,000*l*. In 1826 came the great failure of Constable, from whose trustee Longmans took over, at a valuation, *the whole* interest in the Review, which has from that day to this been their exclusive property. From 1826 to 1891 the name of Adam Black, or of Adam and Charles Black, appeared along with that of Longmans on the title-page as agents for the distribution of the Review in Edinburgh, after which year A. and C. Black removed their business to London.

The year 1814, which brought back the London business of the Review to its original publishers, was in many ways an important year in its history. Indeed, the Peace may be said to mark another stage in its career. The war had absorbed men's thoughts, largely to the exclusion of home politics; but the time was once more approaching when divergent views of domestic interest and civil government were to divide into hostile factions not unevenly balanced the political forces of the kingdom. In November of that year appeared Jeffrey's famous article on Wordsworth's "Excursion," beginning "This will never do"; and in the same number was his review of "Waverley," concluding with words which indicate that to him, at least, the great mystery was no mystery at all. "If this be, indeed, the work," so ends the article, "of an author hitherto unknown, Mr. Scott would do well to look to his laurels, and to rouse himself for a sturdier competition than any he has yet had to encounter."

A few months later, on Napoleon's escape from Elba, the war was renewed. The "hundred days" culminat-

[1] Article on "Childe Harold," December, 1816.

ing in Waterloo put an end to the Napoleonic era, and Great Britain turned again into the paths of peace, which she continued to follow for the space of forty years. The short but trying period of renewed war proved that Jeffrey was able to preserve his independent standpoint against the pressure of extravagant political partisanship no less than against that of personal friendship or trade interest. To us looking back upon those times it seems strange, indeed, that statesmen so patriotic, and in many respects so far-seeing, as Lord Grey and Francis Horner should have denounced the determination of the British Government in 1815 to have recourse to arms. Napoleon at the head of the armies of France could not be other than an imminent menace to the liberties of Europe.

Jeffrey, we have seen, had disliked the French war in its origin. No one, therefore, more thankfully welcomed the peace. "It would be strange, indeed," he wrote in the Review in May, 1814—

if pages dedicated like ours to topics of present interest should be ushered into the world at such a moment as this, without some stamp of that common joy and overwhelming emotion with which the wonderful events of the past three months are still filling all the regions of the earth. In such a situation it must be difficult for any one who has the means of being heard to refrain from giving utterance to his sentiments. But to us, whom it has assured, for the first time, of the entire sympathy of our countrymen, the temptation, we own, is irresistible. . . The peace had come upon the world like the balmy air and flushing verdure of a late spring after the dreary chill of a long and interminable winter; and the refreshing sweetness with which it has visited the earth, feels like Elysium to those who have just escaped from the driving tempests it has banished.

Was our country, after only ten months' rest, on Napoleon's escape from Elba, to be plunged once more into war? Jeffrey hated war; but neither his love of peace nor the intense party zeal of his friends sufficed to destroy his power of calmly judging the facts. Only a week before Waterloo he writes to his friend, Francis Horner, that though the latter may "think it all damnable heresy," he feels himself that there is more danger to freedom from the triumph of Napoleon than from the resurrection of the Bourbons. In short, on the main question, the Ministry, Tory though it was, was right. The safety and the duty of the nation, and the true cause of liberty, required that it should stand firm with its allies against the overwhelming power of Napoleon.

After Waterloo began the era called by Miss Martineau the "Thirty Years' Peace." For two-and-twenty years the main energies of the nation had been concentrated upon the war; men of liberal minds and progressive tendencies powerfully supporting the Government of the day in the gigantic efforts required to repel the greatest danger that has ever menaced the State. But when peace returned Englishmen gradually fell back into the old political divisions—a party of progress, deeply impressed with the faults and failings of the system of government under which they lived, and with the belief that they could find a political remedy for them; and a party of resistance, which saw in any considerable change in our system more to dread than to hope for, and which, therefore, blocked with all the power it possessed the pathway of reform. The experience of France since 1789—the excesses and horrors of the Revolution, followed by the military absolutism of Napoleon—had seemed to great masses of Englishmen to give weight to the Tory assertion that here

also Reform would be but the first step to revolution, and that British laws and liberties were dependent upon the maintenance entirely unchanged of our glorious Constitution. The Duke of Wellington, to whom for many years the Tories mainly looked for guidance, great man though he was, never really understood his countrymen's capacity for self-government; and he honestly believed that the basing of the House of Commons upon a wide electoral franchise, should it come about, would render it impossible to govern England except through the Army. A very different man—Lord Eldon—was the fitting representative of all the narrow prejudices of his day, of the caste love for privilege, of horror at the bare idea of trusting the mass of his countrymen with power. In his obstinate resistance to every kind of reform, great or small, he reached a pitch of Toryism hardly intelligible to the Conservatives of the present day. Against sentiments such as these the good sense of Englishmen ultimately prevailed. If the old Constitution was still to fit the British people, it was necessary to enlarge it. It must be made to suit the new conditions and requirements of the time. Thus Whigs, Reformers, Radicals, concentrated at last all their efforts upon what they felt to be a condition precedent to all good government—the reform of the House of Commons.

Throughout these years of struggle the "Edinburgh Review" warmly combated that craven fear of our own countrymen, that dread of the people, which was the unhappy legacy to England of the French Revolution. It insisted upon the duty and wisdom of bringing back again the popular forces to play their proper part in the government of the country. Obstinate resistance did indeed bring the country too near to the revolution which wise statesmen saw was the only alternative to thorough yet rational reform. Lord Grey's words in the House of Lords in 1832—the last he spoke on the Reform Bill—expressed the hope which events have long ago realized—viz., "that those who augured unfavorably of the Bill would live to see all their ominous forebodings falsified, and that after the angry feelings of the day had passed away, the measure would be found to be, in the best sense of the word, conservative of the Constitution."

Quarter by quarter, and year after year, the energies of the Review were engaged in attacking abuses and suggesting the remedy. It would be impossible to give a list of the subjects with which it dealt, for such a list would cover the whole field of political, administrative, legal, and social reform. It is needless to name all the distinguished men who in its columns were pressing on the good work. "It was not merely," to quote Lord Cockburn, "that the journal expounded and defended right principles and objects. Its prerogative was higher. It taught the public to think. It opened the people's eyes. It gave them periodically the most animated and profound discussions on every interesting subject that the greatest intellects in the kingdom could supply."

And point by point the good cause prevailed. The stream might at times flow slowly, but the tide never really turned, and several of the founders of the Review lived long enough to see accomplished most of the objects for which in bygone days they had struggled so hard. In 1804 Jeffrey in the Review was fighting for the suppression of the slave trade. This was brought about by Fox's "Ministry of all the Talents" two years later. But much still remained to be done, and in 1831 the Review was still fiercely contending for the complete abolition of slavery within the British dominions;

and this, a year later, it was the glory of the first reformed Parliament to accomplish. In very early days, even a tolerant man like Walter Scott was dissatisfied with the Review for advocating Catholic Emancipation. The reform of the criminal law, the abolition of tests, municipal reform, poor-law reform, and many another far-reaching project, now regarded as so many upward steps towards a higher civilization, were supported in its columns by men of the greatest ability, imbued with intimate knowledge of the subjects on which they wrote.

The "Edinburgh Review" naturally felt keenly on the necessity of widening and freeing our political life; for in Scotland, far more completely than in England, popular privileges and liberties had ceased to exist. The political representation of the people, the administration of justice, municipal government, had in Scotland lost almost everything of the popular character which once gave them life. Neither in public meetings nor in the press was it possible adequately to expose the mischief of the prevailing condition of affairs. Yet there was no part of the kingdom so well fitted as Scotland to enjoy the largest political rights.

As time went on the position of the Review as regards the public at large became in some respects modified. Its novelty of course wore off. It had opened a new field upon which others had now entered. Its days of monopoly were over. The "Quarterly" was its very able rival, and a formidable political opponent. The autocratic airs of the older journal upon every subject, political or literary, had roused against it a certain spirit of dislike to dictation such as had inspired its own earlier years. It now occurred to William Blackwood, the publisher, and a Tory of the Tories, that something might be done to fan and foster, and even to turn in a profitable direction, the dislike to autocratic orthodoxy which he knew was simmering in Edinburgh. His political sympathies had been disturbed by the success of the "Edinburgh," and he had seen with a jealous eye the greatness of its publisher, his own rival, Constable. Now, Blackwood was a man of resource, and he thought it might be possible to tackle the "Edinburgh" with more success than was achieved by the quarterly discharge of a heavy broadside by its orthodox Tory antagonist. A magazine "not so ponderous, more nimble, more frequent, more familiar," might make its onslaughts more telling upon the Whig journal, its publisher, editor, and contributors. Edinburgh, Whig or Tory, was before everything respectable. The new magazine must attract attention in the first number, no matter how. To shock the whole of Edinburgh society at the same time that it fell upon the Whig publisher and reviewers, was Blackwood's plan. He had able coadjutors in Lockhart, Wilson, and Hogg, and in 1817 appeared the first number of "Blackwood's Monthly Magazine." It contained the famous satire upon well-known citizens of Edinburgh called "The Chaldee Manuscript"; which was intended to startle the world of Edinburgh, and startle them it did. Its outrageous personalities, and the flavor of irreverence that attaches to the parodying of the style and language of Scripture, were well calculated to stir the susceptibilities of the Scottish capital. However, a new birth in periodical literature had taken place. The first of the great "Monthlies" had begun. Its early years were stormy ones. Actions for libel, challenges and duels followed each other in rapid succession. "Maga" was able. No one could say that "Maga" was inoffensive. No one could say that "Maga" was dull. So far Blackwood's object

was achieved. But its vituperation and its personalities were odious, and it was years before the magazine acquired, in addition to its reputation for brilliant writing, the high character for which "Blackwood" was to become no less justly celebrated.

It may have been the rivalry of younger journalism that made Jeffrey fear that the "Edinburgh" was growing old. "Can you lay your hands," he writes to a friend in January, 1825, "on some clever young men who would write for us? The original supporters of the work are getting old, and either too busy or too stupid, and here the young men are mostly Tories." In the following August number of the Review there appeared the first contribution by Macaulay, then a young man of twenty-five, hardly known beyond the circle of his college friends. There seems never to have been any mystery about the authorship of the famous article on Milton, and after the first of Macaulay's "Essays" had been published and acknowledged, it would have been impossible to doubt the authorship of its successors. "Like Lord Byron," says his biographer, "he woke one morning and found himself famous." Of all the praises and the shower of compliments that poured upon him, Macaulay to the end of his life valued most the short sentences with which Jeffrey acknowledged the receipt of his first manuscript, "The more I think, the less I can conceive where you picked up that style." [4]

Of the early founders of the Review it cannot be said that Jeffrey himself, or Brougham, or Sydney Smith, ever grew stupid, or even old, in anything but years; and it is extraordinary what a very large part of the Review was written by those three men. For the first quarter of a century of its career "the witty parson," in a humorous and forcible style all his own, discussed a great variety of subjects. Sometimes he gave character sketches of people so dissimilar as Madame d'Epinay, Hannah More, and Charles Fox. At another time he would discourse eloquently on the evils of transportation and Botany Bay. He would discuss the poor laws and the game laws, prison reforms and chimney-sweepers, Bentham on Fallacies, and Catholic Emancipation; and, however brilliant his wit, his writings never fail to show a manly judgment and a kindly, human, sympathetic spirit.

Macaulay and Sydney Smith were, as all the world knows, the most brilliant talkers of their day. Good as it always was, Macaulay's flow of conversation was sometimes felt to be even too abundant. His utterance was very rapid, and he spoke with a panting anxiety. Sydney Smith, himself an enormous talker, used to complain that Macaulay never let him get in a word. Once Smith said to him, "Now, Macaulay, when I am gone, you'll be sorry that you never heard me speak." On another occasion Smith said that he had found Macaulay in bed from illnesss, and that he was therefore more agreeable than he had ever seen him. "There were some glorious flashes of silence." [5]

Brilliant as was his wit, Sydney Smith's sincerity and deep earnestness could at times be very impressive. After the death of William IV., and the accession of his niece to the throne at the age of eighteen, Sydney Smith preached at St. Paul's, taking for his theme the true character and the opportunities of a patriot queen. There were two subjects to which he mainly directed her attention, where her influence might, he urged, be of the greatest possible service to her subjects—the cause of popular education, and the maintenance of peace. In noble language he held up to his

[4] Trevelyan's "Life of Lord Macaulay."

[5] Cockburn's Journal.

young Sovereign the ideal of a life to be lived for the highest interest and welfare of those whom she had been called upon to rule. And happy would the preacher have been could he have foreseen that the reign just beginning was to afford during more than sixty years the greatest example any country has ever witnessed of a monarch carrying into practice the precepts which he so well expounded.

The Edinburgh Review.

(*To be concluded.*)

A FRIEND OF NELSON.

CHAPTER XX.

In the small world of Brighton at that time there was no secrecy about comings and goings. All the social life of the place was before the public eye, and who came and who went on every coach or chaise that reached or left the town was perfectly known to every *quidnunc* on the Steyne, and generally announced before the event by the news-sheets of the previous day. It seldom happened that anyone worthy of entering the august circle of His Royal Highness and his followers would arrive unheralded. His coming, as a rule, would be discussed beforehand far and wide—so far and so wide as the small world of Brighton stretched. Therefore it was with some slight surprise that I saw a new figure with the Prince and Lord Barrymore as I passed down the Steyne that morning, and if my surprise were slight at first sight, it became marvellously intensified as soon as a second glance enabled me to identify the figure of the new arrival—no other than the person I had now learned to call M. Henri de Marigny, the cousin of Madame d'Estourville, whom I had fished out of the sea, the scoundrel who had stolen my despatches, and whom I had last seen jolting, like a sack of corn, across the saddle-bow of the smuggler's great black horse on his way to an unauthorized prison in the depths of Ashdown Forest. I must admit that the first surprise of the recognition sent a shiver, like a drop of cold water, down my spine, and my first impulse was to turn aside and avoid the Royal party; but the next moment I changed my purpose and walked on so as to meet them.

That scoundrel of a despatch robber was wearing his most gallant air; and, to say the truth, a gallant air sat well on him. He was talking with that somewhat mincing air of his, and walking with his somewhat mincing and yet swaggering gait. His beard was trimmed, Vandyke-fashion, to a point, and he looked like one of Vandyke's Spaniards who could be lover, bravo, or what you will, only that he was not dark, but fair, golden-bearded, with a blue eye full of laughter and all deceits. He was gaily dressed, and I have to confess that I never saw a more gallant figure; and it is a generous thing to say, for he had done me sore wrong.

The Prince was laughing with zest at some tale or other that this gay scoundrel was telling him. As we passed I took off my hat. M. de Marigny looked at me for a moment, smiled with a perfect grace as he recognized me, then turned to the Prince

—I could have wagered that he asked my name—then turned to me again and waved his hand. It was all well done, and I should have liked it better had it been worse done. This was a scoundrel of some parts, that could smile so gleefully when he met his enemy in the gate, a more dangerous scoundrel than one whose "dour" looks, as Madame d'Arcy would phrase it, would put the enemy, together with those who might side with the enemy, on his guard. As for that enemy, in this instance none other than myself, I was the more on my guard by reason of his smiles than had they been frowns or curses; but for the rest, the Prince and his circle, those whom it was my special interest to be on best of terms with, I perceived at once that this manner of his was very excellently calculated to serve his turn, if he should wish at a future time to pay off his grudge to me. For grudge, no doubt, he deemed he had, though I, in point of fact, had let go of him all too leniently when my grip was on his scoundrel throat.

At present my affairs seemed to be in train. "There has been an answer from the Lords," Madame d'Estourville told me, "that they will do all in their power to oblige His Royal Highness in the matter. That means, so the Prince says, that they will do nothing. But he has promised me that he will write again in a few days, as soon as they have had time to show their obliging disposition."

"What have I done," I said, "to deserve so good a friend as you?"

"Well, my friend," she answered, taking quite seriously, as it seemed, the question I had put half laughing, "what you have done is this. You have saved my life—at least, your ship's crew did. I do not count that for much. But you have done a great deal more than that—you have given me back my faith in mankind. You have taught me to trust you, my friend. To trust you as I would a brother. And I have had my lessons in the other sense, my good friend, I assure you," said she bitterly.

Now these were kindly words, no doubt, and ought to have gladdened my heart exceedingly; but, as matter of fact, they did nothing of the kind; on the contrary, making it feel exceedingly sore. It was sore already before I saw her, for I found it cruelly hard to watch her constantly in the Prince's circle, and now in continual talk and jesting with her cousin, M. de Marigny. As for this M. de Marigny, she had spoken of him so strangely when I saw her at Madame d'Arcy's that the Fair Enigma became to me more enigmatic than ever in her present terms with him; for even before I had told her of his rascality in robbing me of my papers her words and manner had been such that, cousin though he was, and though I had found him in the somewhat significant circumstances of being apparently her chosen companion in exile, I was willing to believe that his company had been rather forced upon her than selected. Yet, when I saw her thus laughing and jesting with him on all occasions in public, even after what I had said, then, in spite of all my love for her (for I no longer tried to call my sentiment by any other name), I could not for the life of me prevent the old suspicions arising. Her brow and her countenance bespoke the most transparent sincerity; and yet I doubted. Hating and despising myself for my suspicions, I could not throw them off. Was she deceiving me all the while, and was this De Marigny in all reality her lover, and I merely her dupe?

With these cogitations I vexed myself into a very pretty state of mind indeed, and I think it will be admitted that I had some reason for it. Nor was it a state in which it comforted

me at all to learn that she "trusted me as a brother." I loathed the good relationship of fraternity towards her. With her there was for me but one place, or none—the first. But that, for the moment, I had not the courage to tell her. Instead, I said pointedly:

"Your cousin, M. de Marigny, has lost no time in coming here since I gave him his liberty."

She flushed a little, as if she saw my point, but merely replied coldly, "No, he has not lost time."

"No doubt you answered for him to the Prince that he was a gentleman of worth and honor."

This time there was no pride, but only a sad reproach in her voice, as she replied by asking:

"Is this what I have brought on myself by saying that I trusted you—that I regarded you as my friend?"

"Is it true that you have trusted me —wholly?"

She went apart a pace or two, and took a few steps backward and forward, more as a man would have done than a woman (so much more quick is the mind of woman as a rule to resolve itself), before she made any answer. My heart beat fast. It seemed to me that I was on the verge of solution of the Fair Enigma. When she turned to me again, after her moment of self-commune, she laid her hand on my arm and said lightly: "My friend, have you heard this new gavotte that the band is playing? Shall we walk a little closer?"

This rebuff obviously was designed to bring down our talk from the high levels of expectancy that it had attained—I speak of my own point of view only—and it succeeded. But, rebuff though it was, it was tempered and modified so subtly by the tone in which it was spoken, and by the touch of her light hand on my arm, that I could only smile back in her beautiful face to show that I accepted it without resentment; and, as if by way of recompense, she added with a glance that was charming in its kindliness: "Forgive me, friend, if I hurt you; some day you shall understand the Fair Enigma."

For the moment, so utterly humble is the man who loves, I was more than contented, and abjured, thenceforward and forever, or so I told myself, all my miserable suspicions. Yet these, on that very day, and for a day or two still to come, had food enough to grow hearty again as I saw her in frequent and seeming familiar talk with that smiling blue-eyed, golden-bearded rogue of a cousin. Twice, after such talks as these, I surprised her sitting in abstracted thought, with all that play of pleased expression gone from her face that it had worn when conversing with Marigny; and of these moods two alternative explanations occurred to me—the one, that pleased me by far the better, that her pleasant manner with him was no more than an assumed pose; the other, that I had to admit the more probable, that his talk was engaging enough to leave her brooding over it and recalling it when it was done; and, if this were indeed the true interpretation, it appeared of the worst possible augury for my hopes. At the same time, to me she was always very gracious—far more so, I fear, than I to her, the vexatious trouble of my spirit often expressing itself in words that were scarce courteous. Yet she suffered it all in the best part, almost as if she fathomed, and made allowance for, my trouble, just as one humors the fretfulness of a tired child. But some three or four days after the interview in which I fancied I was on the point of hearing the solution of the Fair Enigma, she came to me as I was walking alone on the Steyne, and said, with a face of trouble: "I am the bearer of bad news for you, I fear, my friend." She

distinguished me by this appellation, less marked in her slight French accent, as a translation of the *mon ami* that comes so readily to her mother tongue, than if an Englishwoman used it. "Something has occurred—it is possible that you may suspect the cause—to change the Prince's disposition towards you. He told me to-day, in colder terms than I have ever heard him use before in speaking of you, that he could do no more for you. Circumstances, he said, had come to his knowledge that made him conceive that the verdict of the court was a proper one—even a lenient one. Those were his words, my friend. Forgive me if I hurt you in repeating them. I thought it only fair to you that you should know."

I was stung to the quick by the injustice, and for the moment forgot my manners. "Madame," I said furiously, "I understand the case only too well. It is that accursed smiling villain, your cousin, that has poisoned the Prince's mind towards me, and you—madame, I wish you good-day."

With that I turned on my heel, leaving her alone. Within a few paces I had recovered myself, and, dismayed by my words and manner of saying them, retraced my steps hurriedly to implore her forgiveness of my rudeness; but she was already returned to the Lady Anne Murray's carriage, from which she had descended in order to speak to me, and was beyond my reach. I walked down the Steyne, and back to my kennel of a lodging, that had never before appeared so squalidly miserable, with despair gnawing at my heart.

And now I might indeed have returned home forthwith, for all the good that I could do to my professional prospects by remaining in Brighton, where I was foully discredited with the one personage who might have aided me, and had, further, committed an act of almost unpardonable *gaucherie* towards the one being on earth whom I would have laid down my life to serve, who had most graciously befriended me, and whose love I now perceived that I valued far in advance even of my professional career. For the thought most bitter in my mind was not my seemingly lost chance of ever obtaining another ship, but the loss, as it appeared to me, of any most remote chance that I might ever have possessed of winning the love of Hortense d'Estourville. In a mad moment I had by my manner, even more than by my words, accused her of acting in a conspiracy against me with her rascal of a cousin; but in my saner mood of reflection I knew full well that she was my firm friend in this regard, whatever might be her sentiments towards this precious relative. Nevertheless, the other matter, of the loss of the Prince's kindly interest, was not one that I could overlook altogether, and I resolved to lose no time in putting this to the test, with the purpose, if possible, of ascertaining the pleasant tale that De Marigny might have put about to my discredit. To that end I sought an interview with Blomfield the next morning, shortly after the Prince's breakfast-hour, and begged him to crave an audience for me with His Royal Highness at the earliest possible moment.

CHAPTER XXI.

The Prince bettered all my expectations by desiring that I should be admitted to his presence forthwith. It appeared that he had lingered long over breakfast that morning, for on the table were still the remains of that meal, which he had shared with Lord Barrymore, his constant crony, and, to complete the party, with none other than my particular friend, M. de Marigny. The Prince and Lord Barrymore

regarded me as I entered with looks in which I fancied that I detected a marked coldness, but De Marigny's face wore its usual smile of genial affability.

"Be seated, sir," the Prince said, when I had made my bow. "Before we proceed to the business on which, I make no doubt, you are come, it may interest you to hear that I have just received an express from London with news that on the 22nd ultimo Sir John Calder engaged the French fleet with some success, but failed to keep in touch with them, and they are escaped into Vigo Bay."

"It is much to be regretted, sir, that he should have let them escape him," I observed.

"It is much to be regretted," the Prince agreed; then added, with an ironical accent, "It is always to be regretted when naval officers fail at all in their duty."

I felt called upon to make no reply to this remark, at which a faint smile crossed Lord Barrymore's face, and De Marigny's grew even more genial than before.

"It is sometimes still more to be regretted, sir, when naval officers exceed their duty."

"Quite so, sir," I replied, rather at a loss to perceive his meaning.

"I presume that you requested an audience of me for some particular purpose," the Prince said rather brusquely, as if annoyed by my lack of comprehension.

"That is so, sir," I said; "but——" I paused and glanced at his two companions.

"Oh, you may speak freely before these gentlemen," he said, in answer to my look. "Indeed, it is far better so. You are come, I make no doubt, to ask the reason that, after engaging my word with a certain lady who has an interest in you that is perhaps not unnatural, if a little romantic, seeing that, after running down the ship on which she was a passenger, your men rescued her from the sea—after engaging my word with this lady to do my best for you with the Lords of the Admiralty, I am compelled to withdraw that promise and to confess myself indisposed to aid you further. That, I presume, is the position."

I bowed in assent to his words, spoken in a tone that augured no good to me.

"That being so, sir, you are come at the most appropriate moment. This is a question of man to man. Monsieur de Marigny, who by a happy chance happens to be present, has given me an account of the manner in which you kidnapped him on his way to London, and gave him over to the custody of a gang of smugglers, who detained him prisoner, apparently at your pleasure. It does not appear the most hospitable treatment possible of a man who was flying from the misrule of his own unhappy land, at the first moment of his coming to our country. May we be informed what you have to say by way of comment or justification of such an outrage?"

"M. de Marigny has not informed your Royal Highness," I asked, "under what circumstances, with what motive, I took the liberty of interrupting his journey?"

I turned towards him as I spoke, only to find the same pleasant, guileless smile on his blonde face.

"He has not informed us, sir. He has, indeed, confessed himself at a total loss to understand such extraordinary conduct. I may even add that had it not been for Monsieur de Marigny's earnestly expressed wish, I should have felt compelled to make a report of the circumstances to the proper authorities. But we wait your explanation."

I was completely nonplussed. The explanation would have been easy

enough to give, but, in the first place, would it be believed? I felt that it would wear no air of probability. The only witness that I could produce—and his production would be difficult, and would lead him, who had done me such yeoman's service, under the observation of the law, which he had his special reasons to dislike—was a smuggler, a criminal, a man who lived, so to speak, with the noose about his neck. True, the Prince knew him, as I had discovered, to my immense surprise, on White Hawk Down, but, knowing him for what he was, would his word be likely to carry weight? It was more than doubtful. Moreover, there was a more imperative reason that forbade my making the required explanation: I had, in all but the letter, given my promise to Lord Barham that no word about the despatches arriving with broken seal should pass my lips.

"You do not answer, sir," said the Prince, as I stood silent.

"No, your Royal Highness," I said at length; "I regret to say that I can give no explanation of my motive."

"Then I, sir, regret to say that I have to infer the only motive that seems plausible."

"I am afraid, sir," I said, "that I do not understand."

"I will explain," said the Prince, with ironical courtesy. "You had the misfortune to run your ship aground, under circumstances known to your own crew, and to only two English-speaking disinterested spectators, one of them being a lady. The other—the only person whose evidence might conceivably have been inconvenient to you at the court-martial—you took measures, measures violent and illegal, to detain under restraint until the finding of the court was pronounced. Does that seem to you, sir, a plausible explanation of the motive?"

For a moment I stood dumfounded; and for that moment of profound stupefaction I have every reason for the deepest gratitude, for had I spoken it is likely that I should have forgotten utterly in whose presence I stood. As it was, my ideas gathered themselves slowly. Gradually the completeness of the snare in which I had been taken by the machinations of the villain, who ceased not to smile on me with his handsome, hateful face, became apparent to me. I had no words to say in my defence or my excuse. Like one beaten and ashamed I rose from my seat, bowed in silence to the Prince, and left the room.

CHAPTER XXII.

My thoughts as I left the Prince's presence were suicidal. I was not animated by any of the insane impulse of the suicide to destroy my life in my despair, but I was prepared to commit the suicide of my professional being. I had striven, according to lights that I had never supposed very brilliant, to do my duty in my career as a seaman. I had failed, with no little ignominy, and I was filled with a resolve to forsake the Navy and live out my life as a small country gentleman with my dear mother and sister in the confines of Buckhurst Park, shaking forever from my shoes the dust of that Brighton on which I had printed such feeble, ineffective footsteps. But one visit of any importance remained for me to pay before that last ceremony should be performed. I could not, in common courtesy, depart without taking my leave of the Comtesse d'Estourville, and imploring her forgiveness for the shocking rudeness with which I had requited the many acts of friendliness that she had performed on my behalf.

After a turn or two by myself along the Steyne I succeeded in calming myself from the perturbation of my

ideas, and resolved, during the few hours I had to remain in the town, to show a bold front to all my enemies and detractors, and purposely sought out the busiest and gayest of the throng, wearing a forced smile upon my face. Amongst the rest I soon found the Vicomtesse d'Arcy, who at once beckoned me to her and said very kindly:

"Eh, my poor boy, I told ye, did I not, of the Psalmist's words, that you should put no trust in princes? Ah, but I am sorry for ye. Hortense told me last night that the Prince would no more stand your friend."

"God bless you, madame, for your kindness to me!" I said fervently, for in the dark days the first words of sympathy are very precious to a man. "Did she, did Madame d'Estourville, tell you the reason of the Prince's sudden change of disposition?"

"No, no. She did not tell me, for the reason that she herself did not know it, nor would the Prince himself tell her when she pressed him for his reasons."

"There is one great kindness you could do for me, Madame d'Arcy," I said. "It is that you should arrange for me just once, before I leave Brighton, a chance of meeting Madame d'Estourville, that I may beg her pardon for my rudeness to her—I was for the moment beside myself—on the last occasion of my seeing her."

"Eh, but that's easy done, my poor boy," she replied. "This very afternoon Hortense comes to drive with me. If you should be there—eh?—by a chance—like? Does that suit you now?"

I thanked the good lady from my heart, and some quarter of an hour before the time appointed for their drive I was at the Lady Anne Murray's house, where the servant told me that I was expected. Madame d'Arcy, for whom I asked, was for the moment at her toilette (refreshing, as I might venture to conjecture, her tints of cheek and eyebrow, or, more likely, with kindlier thought of my own wish to be alone with Madame d'Estourville), but would I await her in the withdrawing room? The minutes were leaden while I waited, but my impatience was at length rewarded. When next the door opened it was to usher in not the old Vicomtesse, with her rouged cheeks, her white hair and her air of the old "Marquise," but Hortense d'Estourville, under a wide gipsy hat that sat quaintly, and yet with amazing grace, on her small, erectly carried head. "Ah!" she exclaimed, as she saw me rising to meet her. And it was with none of the anger that I had every reason to expect depicted on her face, but with a look that I could swear to be one of pleasure, that she came to me and shook my hand.

"What!" I said, "will you really, after the way I behaved to you?" for I could hardly dare believe that I might take that proffered hand.

"Why, you silly man," she said, laughing, "you are human, are you not? You have a right to be angry, a little, sometimes, I should think, and with the people you ought not to be angry with. I do not want you to be too logical. I saw that you turned again the instant I had gone away, and I was sorry that I could not come back, so you might beg pardon then and there, and thus set your mind at ease."

Now, was not this a wonderful woman? I at least thought so. I had fancied, in my folly and my ignorance, that she, because she was so proud, would be vexed with me, her pride wounded; but now I seemed to see more clearly how that, because of her very pride, she could not be hurt by such a trifling thing as this, by a trick of bad manners, from me, whom she knew to love her so. For know it she

did, I am very sure, and I do not think she would deny it. And in this again she showed her pride, that she did not want me now to be down on my knees imploring her forgiveness for a rudeness that she knew to be unintentional, and the act of a passing mad moment, but gave me the forgiveness of her free will unasked. Another woman, I think, would like to see a man suing at her feet: it would please her. She was a woman whom such things did not please, she being far above the cajoleries of her sex. I speak of her as I thought, and think.

"Then you will forgive me?" I said, as I held her hand.

"No," she said, "I do not forgive you. I understand you, that is all. I understood you—your feelings—at the moment, exactly. That being so, there was nothing to forgive."

I felt more humble before a woman who could speak like this than I should have felt under the weight of the most condescending forgiveness.

"I have been to see the Prince," I said, finding no more to say of my penitence.

"Ah, that was right—that was the honest, brave thing. And he told you——"

"What you told me, precisely. He will do no more for me."

"And he would not tell you the reason."

"Yes, he told me the reason."

"He did? What was it? Oh, I am so curious to hear. It was, of course, Henri."

"Yes," I said, "it was Henri."

She flushed, as I had never seen her flush, in a blaze of wrath.

"But how did he? What had he said?"

Then I told her all his villany, and she sate still, nodding now and then, as if checking off the points to be scored against him. When I had finished she replied, "I said to you once, my friend, that I hoped the time would never come when we should have to be friends indeed to each other. That time has come now. We have a pact to make together."

She was speaking very seriously, very quietly, without a trace of excitement. She rose as she ceased speaking, and rang the bell for a servant, then scribbled some few lines on a scrap of paper. When the man came she begged him have the note carried to Madame d'Arcy. "I have written a line," she explained, as soon as the door closed behind him, "to beg Madame d'Arcy spare me a quarter of an hour, or else drive without me. I have much that I have to say to you, my friend. You are about to learn to-day the mystery of the Fair Enigma."

Now all this may sound most favorable to the desire that lay nearest to my heart, of making this queen of women my wife; yet at the moment her tone in speaking was so matter of fact, so business-like, indeed, that nothing could be more remote from it than any idea of love-making, and it had the effect of banishing effectually, for the time being, all such ideas from my thoughts. It was a business transaction that was to take place between us, and I gave my attention to keeping a clear head to follow her statement and take in its details.

Horace G. Hutchinson.

Longman's Magazine.

(To be continued.)

IN DANISH AND RUSSIAN OLD-AGE HOMES.

Were I a worn-out worker, dependent for my daily bread on the charity of my fellows, I should certainly wish to change my nationality, and to become, without a moment's delay, either a Dane, an Austrian, or a Russian. For of all the nations in Europe these three best understand how to deal with the old and destitute, how to secure peace and comfort in their latter days for the folk who have fallen behind in the race. In England a visit to any of the abodes where the aged poor are housed is, as a rule, more depressing than a visit to a prison: at every turn one sees a troubled, discontented face, or hears a voice that tells of hopeless misery. In Denmark, Austria, and Russia, on the contrary, the homes reserved for the old people are the brightest and cheeriest of resorts; after an hour spent there, it is the outside world that seems gloomy and careworn. The heartiest burst of laughter I ever heard in St. Petersburg, I heard in an old-age home; while in Vienna working men and women betake themselves instinctively for consolation, when things go wrong with them, to the Versorgungshaus garden. As for Copenhagen——

Some little time ago a distinguished Englishman excited great amusement in Copenhagen by solemnly announcing, after a visit to an old-age home, that England could not possibly afford to provide for her worn-out workers as Denmark provides for hers. He had noted the many little comforts with which the inmates are surrounded; had noted how well they fare in all respects, how contentedly and happily they live; and he had therefore taken it for granted that such places must be expensive luxuries. Were he to give a little more attention to the subject, however, he would find—and the fact, let us hope, would set him a-thinking—that although the cost of living is as high in Copenhagen as in London, the average cost per head in Danish old-age homes is considerably lower than in English workhouses. But then Denmark obtains good value for every penny she spends on her poor, whereas England—there are English workhouses where the officials cost more than the paupers.

Although I was never yet in an old-age home, whether Danish, Austrian, or Russian, where life was not well worth living, among old-age homes as among all things else there are better and worse; and the very best are certainly the Danish. No other country, indeed, deals at once so kindly and so wisely with her aged poor as Denmark; there is no clubbing together of the old people there, no herding of the worthy with the worthless. On the contrary, infinite trouble is taken to sift them and sort them, so that the precise treatment he—or she—merits may be secured for each one of them. In Denmark no respectable old man or woman need ever become a pauper; no respectable old man or woman ever crosses the threshold of a workhouse. Should a man—or a woman—who has completed his sixtieth year, find himself without the wherewithal on which to live, he applies to the local authorities not for pauper relief, but for old-age relief; and this, by the law of 1891, they are bound to grant him, providing he can prove not only that his destitution is owing to no fault of his own, but that he has led a decent life, has worked hard and been thrifty; and that, during the ten previous years, he has neither received a single penny as poor-relief, nor been guilty of va-

grancy, nor of begging. The old people who fulfil these conditions are placed in a class apart from ordinary paupers, in the privileged class: they are the veterans of industry, and the position they hold among their fellows is much the same as that held by invalided soldiers. Although they are housed, fed, and clothed at the expense of the nation, they are neither regarded nor treated in any way as paupers. In Denmark the word "pauper" is never applied to anyone above sixty, unless it be a case of Tekel. Infinite trouble is taken, indeed, to keep the members of the privileged class free from everything that smacks of pauperism; local authorities are forbidden by law to house them under the same roof as paupers, or to allow pauper officials to interfere with them. The old men retain their votes, all their other rights as citizens too; and this in itself raises an insuperable bar between them and paupers; for paupers in Denmark have no civic rights worth mentioning—not even the right to get married. Members of the privileged class who have relatives able and willing to take care of them, or who are strong enough to take care of themselves, are each provided with a small annuity, and the rest are lodged in old-age homes.

The mere fact that the doors of the Danish old-age homes are closed inexorably against all excepting those who have led decent honest lives, gives to the inmates of these places a certain standing in the world, which is to them an unfailing source of gratification—gratification, let it be noted, that costs not a single penny. Far from any discredit being attached to living in an old-age home, it is regarded as an honor to be there, as a proof of established respectability and general worthiness. And all that this means to the honest poor, only the poor themselves know. I once found a worthy old couple within hailing distance of starvation. They had been living for months as the veriest sparrows because they could not face, they said, the disgrace of going to the workhouse. In these Danish homes it is delightful to see how the inmates, especially the old women, plume themselves on being there; there is something quite touching in the dignified, self-important airs they give themselves on the strength of being recognized members of the aged poor class. Evidently they look on mere paupers much as Prussian Junkers look on the rest of humanity—as persons between whom and themselves there lies a deep gulf. I hardly ever passed an hour among them but some old man or woman inquired anxiously whether I was quite sure I understood that paupers were never admitted into old-age homes. What they were given to eat, or wherewithal they were clothed, seemed to be a matter of but little account in their eyes compared with being free from association with the degraded. There is nothing these old people love quite so much as their afternoon cups of coffee; none the less had they to choose between going without their coffee or sitting side by side while they drank it with those pariahs, the paupers, in every old-age home in Denmark there would speedily be one meal less a day—this is a point on which there can be no doubt.

"Yes, I am real glad and thankful to be here," an inmate of a country old-age home once informed me. "I have a better bed to lie on than I ever had in my life before, and I am just as comfortable as I can be. But," she hesitated for a moment and then added, with an odd little flush on her honest weather-beaten face, "I don't think I could ever have made up my mind to come had that lot been here." She pointed as she spoke to the Fattiggaard, the place where the disreputable poor, ex-loafers and drunkards, are

housed in their old age. Her remark was greeted with a little murmur of sympathy by the other old women in the room, who all agreed that the home would be spoilt completely if they must share it with all sorts and conditions.

Not only are these institutions reserved exclusively for the respectable poor, but the respectable poor are taught to look on them as their own special property, as the place where they have a right to be—their home in fact. This, too, is an unfailing source of gratification to the old people, and this, too, costs not a single penny. Whoever crosses the threshold of an old-age home, even though it be the Borgmester himself, goes there as the guest of the inmates, and must knock at the door of each room and wait for permission before he enters. Then, when he does enter, what a flutter of delight there is; what a bowing and curtesying and handshaking; for they dearly love to play the host, and regard the entertaining of strangers not only as a duty, but as one of the great pleasures of life. Among these old Danes there is no trace of that dull hopelessness, that "just waiting" which is so marked a characteristic of the London poor in their old age; on the contrary, I always found them, when I paid them a visit, alert, eager for news, and on enjoyment bent. Feeble though they may be, many of them, the old men were evidently keenly interested in politics; they have votes, it must be remembered, and are extremely proud of the fact. Their faces glow with delight as they tell how the rival parties keep them well supplied with newspapers, and send carriages to take them to the voting-booth when the election day comes round. They were staunch Democrats for the most part—at ministerial doings they were never weary of cavilling—none the less they were all fervently loyal, I noticed, devoted to their King, "the very best King in the whole world," as one of them assured me, "although he does make mistakes sometimes." Nor was it only in politics they were interested; they seemed quite in touch with all that was going on both at home and abroad, especially in England, "the country where all the money comes from"; the country, too, as they never failed to tell me, "where our own Princess is going to be Queen one day."

Nothing is more characteristic of the lines on which these homes are worked than the fashion in which the inmates and their official caretakers mutually demean themselves. I shall not easily forget the lofty dignity with which a poor bed-ridden old dame informed me, one day, that her servant of course came at once when she rang! And the officials attached to the homes are not only in theory, but in reality, the servants of the inmates. In one of our model London workhouses several hundred decrepit old men and women are forced to get up at six o'clock in the morning, the same time as the young and strong; and this simply for the sake of saving the officials the trouble of making two breakfasts! In Copenhagen short work would be made of any master or matron who ventured even to suggest such an arrangement. There the officials are never allowed to forget that it is their business in life to make their charges comfortable and happy; that they are in the home, in fact, for no other purpose than to cook for them, tend them, nurse them when they are ill, and give them a helping hand generally. They must watch over them of course and keep them out of harm's way; but they have express orders to interfere with them as little as possible. For Denmark holds, and very sensibly, that as these old people are all worthy old people there is no reason why they should be placed

under authority, worried, and thwarted. They go to bed when they like and get up when they like—within certain limits, of course—they go for walks, too, and pay visits to their friends just when the fancy seizes them. They lead their own lives, in fact, and go their own way; and, so long as they behave themselves properly, and conform to the few simple rules in force for the general good, no one ever dreams of interfering with them. Should they abuse the liberty they enjoy, however; should they wax quarrelsome and thus prove an annoyance to their fellow-inmates; should they spend their pocket-money (for they have pocket-money, fourpence a week) on beer and cause public scandal; or should they in any way conduct themselves in an unseemly fashion—things are changed. In such cases as these the master or matron must of course intervene; and, if remonstrances prove unavailing, must appeal to the inspector who represents the local authorities. Then the offenders speedily find themselves bereft of their pocket-money and forced to take their walks within the garden walls—every home has a garden. They may even, unless they at once change their ways, be driven forth from the home altogether, and sent to live with the paupers.

The model old-age home for all Denmark is the new home in Copenhagen, which was built and organized under the direction of Herr Jacobi, who, as chief of the Poor Department, has done more than any other man in Europe to make the world understand that all schemes for bettering the condition of the respectable poor are foredoomed, unless based on classification. It is sheer waste of time, he declares—and no one can speak with more authority on the subject—trying to make decent old folk comfortable, if you shut them up with folk who are not decent. The new home is a fine building, standing in a large, beautiful garden, and with another garden lying just beyond. All the rooms are bright and cheerful-looking, well warmed in winter, and well supplied with fresh air in summer; they are prettily furnished, too, although as simply and inexpensively as possible. The inmates—there are some four hundred of them—are allowed to take with them when they go any of their own little belongings to which they are specially attached; and these things give to the place a pleasant touch of homeliness which contributes not a little to the comfort of those who live there. The old men are on one side of the building; the old women on the other; while the married couples have special quarters of their own. There are no dormitories in any of the Danish homes; in the eyes of the Danish as of the English poor, dormitories are the very abomination of abominations. In this special home all the inmates sleep in bedrooms—two of them in some rooms, three, five, or six in others. These are their own private apartments, the smoking-room and sitting-rooms being of course common property.

In all the Danish old-age homes the food is excellent; but in the Copenhagen home it is better even than elsewhere, as the cooking of it is watched over by an expert, the former *chef* of a great restaurant, who takes immense pride in the dainty dishes he serves up for the city's old pensioners. Were he to see the hunches of hard beef that in English workhouses are placed before toothless old men and women, he would be horrified at our extravagance as well as at our inhumanity. The lucky old folk for whom he caters have every day dinners that they can eat in comfort, teeth or no teeth, dinners made up of stews and broths and cunningly devised concoctions of such things as sheeps' heads and tripe—all at once cheaper and more nutritious

than beef. The dishes are always highly seasoned, just as the class for whom they are provided like them; and they are served quite hot. In English workhouses the food is at best lukewarm. Then there are sweets as well as savouries, not heavy suet puddings, but real sweets, soft and light, made with milk and covered with jam sometimes. And these dinners cost less than the midday meal in workhouses; for there is no limit to the miracles that may be wrought by good cooking and skilful management. The inmates of the homes have their own little stores of provisions and find great pleasure therein. Twice every week a supply of bread, white, gray, and brown, is dealt out to them, as well as a supply of butter and cheese; and every day they are each given half a bottle of beer. First thing in the morning, at seven o'clock, large cups of hot milk are brought round to them in their own rooms. At eleven they make coffee for themselves, unless they be too feeble, in which case it is made for them; at twelve they have dinner; at three they again make coffee for themselves; and at five they have tea with cakes and whatever else the cook may supply. And they are as well clothed as they are fed, and as well supplied with amusement. A military band is told off to play for them in their garden, and there is a special theatre to which they are admitted free. Little wonder they sleep well o' nights and face the world cheerily during the day.

Large towns must of course have large old-age homes, and the home in Copenhagen is certainly perfect in its way. Still in Denmark it is not the large homes, but the small ones, those in country districts, that are the most attractive of all. There is one, for instance, at Fredensborg, only a good stone's throw away from the famous palace, that is quite charming. It is a low white building, nestling in the side of a hill, well sheltered from cold winds, and face to face with the sun. A passer-by would take it assuredly for an old farmhouse, standing as it does in a beautiful old-fashioned garden, one of the sort in which hollyhocks and lavender always grow. Under the trees there is a summer-house where the old people have their coffee when the weather is fine; for there are only some sixteen of them and they live together as one family, although they each have a little private room to which they can retire when they wish for solitude. This home is the joint property of three villages, which also own jointly a workhouse and a forced-labor house. Now that they are compelled to provide a home for the respectable poor apart from the ordinary paupers, neighboring communal authorities often enter into some such partnership as this. There are communes, however, that prefer keeping the entire control of their institutions in their own hands; and in these cases the arrangement adopted is very similar to that which would now be in force in England had Mr. Hutton's Cottage Home Bill become law. A better-class working man and his wife are installed in a comfortably furnished house, and what respectable aged poor there are homeless in the village are sent to live with them under the close surveillance of the communal authorities. It is on the communal authorities that the full responsibility for the management of the home rests in the country, just as it is on the municipality that it rests in towns. The cost of the homes is divided between the State and the commune, or the municipality, as the case may be, one half of it being defrayed out of the yield of the beer tax and the other half out of the local rates.

I have visited old-age homes in all parts of Denmark, in large towns, in

small towns, and in country districts; and in every home where I have ever been I have found the inmates well content, nay thankful to be there. In the homes, too, that I know in Austria the same state of things prevails, but with them I must not deal, as they have already been described in this Review. These old people evidently all consider the life they lead well worth living; they have their full meed of its joys and its sorrows; and on the whole they are happy, as happy at least as it lies in their nature to be. And that it is thus is due almost entirely to the fact—no one can go about among them and doubt it—that they are treated not only with kindness but with sympathy; their feelings are considered, their tastes are consulted, and deference is shown even to their prejudices. Denmark, in fact, takes thought for her worn-out workers; she studies what they like and what they dislike—lets them even give free rein to their little foibles, their harmless vanities—and it is by so doing, not by lavishing on them money, that she has succeeded in rendering them the happiest old-age community in the whole world. The average cost per head in the Danish homes is only a shilling a day; in the country it is a little less; in towns it is sometimes a little more; but the difference is never very great. In the home at Fredensborg it is exactly a shilling a day; in that at Copenhagen one shilling and fourpence-halfpenny. In the most comfortless of all the London workhouses it is one shilling and elevenpence. Thus our poor miserable old paupers actually cost us considerably more than Denmark's well-cared-for pensioners cost her. And all because we do not take thought for them, but content ourselves with lavishing on them money, money for which we obtain in return scant value.

It is interesting to note that in some of the Danish homes the cost of administration—officials' salaries, rations, &c.—amounts to only one-twentieth of the whole cost of the home; and that in none of them does it amount to more than one-fifth.

Between the old-age homes in Denmark and those in Russia there are fundamental differences, of course; for whereas in the one country these institutions are but the complement to a singularly perfect poor-relief system, in the other they practically take the place of any poor-relief system at all. Russia, it must be remembered, has no poor law, no poor rate; as a State, indeed, she does nothing whatever for her poor beyond punishing them sometimes for being poor. In Denmark old-age homes are public institutions; they are there by the law's decree; they were built out of public funds, and are supported in the same fashion. In Russia, on the contrary, they are for the most part private institutions, the property either of the Crown or of individuals; the money wherewith they were built was a free gift; it is by means of free gifts, too, that they are chiefly supported. In Denmark it is the law that decides who shall and who shall not go to these places; and whoever goes, goes not by favor but by right, by the right of his own personal merit; while in Russia the law has nothing whatever to do with the matter, and luck, perhaps, has almost as much as merit. None the less, in spite of these differences, the Danish homes and the Russian have much in common, as is proved by the fact that in both happy, contented old men and women are to be found, old men and women who are most thankful to be there. In the latter the company is no doubt less "select" than in the former, the inmates have not been so carefully sifted and sorted; but this, so far as their own comfort is concerned, is a point of little importance; for Russians are much too good-natured, too easy-

going, to worry themselves, as Danes and Englishmen do, about the moral status of those around them.

St. Petersburg prides itself on its nice appreciation of social distinctions, and holds that, in deciding how even the destitute are to be provided for, respect must be paid not only to merit but to birth. This being the case it is but natural that the most attractive of its old-age homes should be reserved exclusively for those who have seen better days, for gentlefolk in fact. This is the Widows' House, as it is called, in spite of the fact that among the six hundred old ladies whose home it is, there are more spinsters than widows. It is a beautiful place, a palace, the old Tsaritsa Elizabeth Palace, which stands just opposite the well-known Smolnyi Institute and close to the great Cathedral. The inmates in their faded, well-worn clothes seem oddly out of keeping with their surroundings, as they walk up and down the great corridors where Court receptions were once held, or make their way up the splendid staircase to their gorgeous chapel, or still higher to that quaint little portable chapel which Peter the Great used always to have carried about with him wherever he went. Still, far from being oppressed by the grandeur of their habitation, they seem to derive from it positive pleasure; and certainly everything that could be done has been done to render the place comfortable. One side of the Palace is set aside entirely for the widows, each one of whom has a room to herself, as pretty a room as one could wish for. One old lady whom I visited had divided hers into three parts—a salon, a dining-room, and a bedroom—and was living there quite in state. The widows dine in their own rooms, all their food being brought to them from the common kitchen by servants who are there to help them with their work and make things comfortable for them. Widows are not admitted to the home until they are sixty, whereas spinsters may go there at forty; the spinsters, however, are by no means so well off when they are there as the widows. They have only half a room each, and they must dine in the common hall, for there are no servants to wait on them. None the less they have no reason to complain of their lot, for they are treated both kindly and respectfully, and much trouble is taken to make things pleasant for them. They have nice little dinners, too, every day—a fact that has its influence, of course, on their tempers, and thus on the general welfare. They had three courses the day I was there, and everything served was wholesome, appetizing, and well cooked.

In theory the inmates of the Palace home, as of many Russian old-age homes, are supposed to contribute towards their own support. The full cost per head is 280 roubles a year (1*s.* 7*d.* a day); and every widow who is admitted is expected to pay, or to find someone to pay for her, 250 roubles a year; and every spinster 200 roubles a year. Nearly one half of these old ladies do actually either pay for themselves or find friends to pay for them; and the rest are paid for by the trustees of the Tsaritsa Marie Fund, to whom the house belongs, and who make good the deficits in its budget. This Tsaritsa Marie Fund was founded at the beginning of the last century by Nicholas the First in memory of his mother, and is administered under the personal supervision of the Tsaritsa Marie Feodorovna. It now amounts to some 100,000,000 roubles, and out of it more than 5,000 old men and women are partially or entirely housed, fed, and clothed.

The Old Women's House, which stands quite near the Old Ladies', or Widows' House, is a modern institu-

tion. One wing of it was built in 1862 to commemorate the coming of age of the Tsarewitch Nicholas, the eldest son of Alexander the Second; and the other wing, a few years later, to commemorate his death. Here some 400 old women find a refuge in their old age—a very pleasant refuge too. The inmates of this home, unlike their near neighbors, have not come down in the world. On the contrary, they are probably seeing better days now than they ever saw in their lives before; for they all belong to the working classes, the servant-class for the most part, and not a few of them were born serfs. Probably the long rest they are having now is the first rest many of them have ever had; little wonder, therefore, they enjoy it, and enjoy it they certainly do. When I paid them a visit I found most of them assembled in their great vestibule, laughing and talking together in the most cheery, good-humored fashion, evidently on the best of terms with themselves, one another, and their official caretakers. There seemed to be a quite delightful absence of rules and regulations in the establishment, inmates and officials working together in a friendly give-and-take spirit to make life go smoothly. The result was as happy a little company as one would wish to see. They showed me the *menu*—it was in French—of the dinner they had had on the previous Sunday: "Soupe pot-au-feu, jambon aux pommes de terre, crêpes avec des confitures." They showed me, too, the *menu* of the dinner they had had that very day: "Soupe aux choux, côtelettes, esturgeon avec du raifort et des pommes de terre." They were just going to have tea when I left them; and later in the evening they would have "gruau d'orge" for supper, they told me.

About one-third of the women have either a separate room, or one which they share with one other woman, while the other two-thirds sleep in small dormitories. In this house, as in the Widows' House, the inmates must either pay for themselves, or find some one to pay for them; 100 of them, however, are always paid for by the Tsar, 155 are paid for out of charity funds, and many of the others, by their former masters and mistresses. The charge for a woman who has a private room is 300 roubles a year (1*s.* 9*d.* a day); for one who has half a room, 1*s.* 7*d.* a day; and for those who sleep in the dormitories, 10½*d.* Attached to the home there is a beautiful church, and also an infirmary, where the old women are sent when the end is drawing near.

By far the largest of the St. Petersburg old-age homes, and in some respects the most interesting, is the Gorodskaia Bogodielna, or Municipal House, which Catherine the Second built at her own expense and presented to the city, having previously forced the city to present to her the ground on which to build it. It is a huge place, much too huge for any old people to live in it comfortably, excepting Russians, who seem to have none of that horror of great buildings and large rooms which marks the English and the Danish poor. They are evidently quite content, and, oddly enough, they look quite comfortable in this home in spite of its size. It is curious to note how much more is done in Russia for women, in the way of providing them with homes, than for men; in this Municipal House, for instance, there are 3,000 women and only 800 men. Men and women alike belong for the most part to the poorest section of the community, the unskilled labor section; still there are among them members of a somewhat higher class—small traders, petty functionaries, and even a school-mistress or two; for the Gorodskaia Bogodielna opens its doors to all classes, just as our

workhouses open theirs. How little there is in common, however, between even this old-age home, which is of the lowest class, and English workhouses, may be judged from the fact that its inmates betake themselves there gladly and regard admission as a privilege. No fewer than 300 of them pay seventy-two roubles each towards the cost of their own maintenance; while 700 more are paid for by their friends, and the rest by the municipality. Most of those who pay for themselves are lodged in small rooms, two in each room; and the other inmates, in large rooms. In this home, too, the food is decidedly good, and the old people are all well-cared for; they are all provided with comfortable chairs and soft warm beds. The only complaint I heard, indeed, when I was there, came from an old lady of German extraction, who assured me in confidence that the company was very mixed, not at all what she had been accustomed to. Her feelings had been wounded, it seems, by being called upon to share her room with a woman—a most peaceful, gentle old creature—who had no "quarterings."

The St. Petersburg Municipality has solved the creed problem in what is, for that part of the world, a somewhat unusual fashion. In Gorodskaia Bogodielna there are three chapels, an Orthodox, a Lutheran, and a Catholic; and three ministers, a pope, a pastor, and a priest, all living side by side on terms of perfect equality, and in peace!

It is not in St. Petersburg, however, but in Moscow, that the best of the Russian old-age homes are to be found, the best, at least, according to our Western notions. Moscow, indeed, is the model city of the whole Empire in all that concerns the poor; and two of the homes there, the Heier and the Boew, are perfect models of what such places should be—the very sort of home one would gladly see established in every town in England. Both these institutions belong to the city; they were built and endowed by private citizens, and then handed over to the keeping of the municipality, which has undertaken not only to watch over the working of them, but to supplement when necessary their endowment funds by annual grants. They are both in the pleasantest part of the town, the healthiest, too, and they both stand in large gardens.

The Heier Home is a beautiful building, and in a style singularly appropriate to its purpose; everything about it is as simple and plain as possible, yet every room is so prettily arranged that it is a pleasure to see it. On one side of the house there are rooms for thirty-three old men; and on the other, for thirty-three old women; and between them is the common sitting-room, where the whole company pass most of their time, the men reading their papers or playing dominoes, the women sewing or knitting, and both alike talking their hardest more often than not. Although the full cost there is only 180 roubles a year per head (1*s.* a day) the inmates are well fed and well clothed; they are well cared for, too, and life is made as pleasant for them as possible. It is the rule of the house that everyone shall do exactly what he likes, so long as he does nothing to hurt himself or to interfere with the comfort of those around him. "What would you do if one of your old men came home from his walk drunk?" I asked the Director. "What should we do?" he repeated, evidently surprised that there could be any doubt on the point. "Why we should put him to bed, of course, poor old fellow." Such accidents do happen sometimes, he confessed, but very rarely; for it is only the thoroughly respectable who are admitted to the Heier. And certainly a more respectable little community I

never saw, although the majority of them belong to the poorest class—only one woman out of the thirty-three could read. Some of the men, however, were quite surprisingly intelligent and fairly well informed. Several of them volunteered the information that they had been serfs, while one assured me "those were good days." He had had a kind master, he said. One room in the house is reserved exclusively for popes who have been forced to resign their livings through old age or lack of strength. There were five of them there, and very happy they were, at least so one of them told me—an old man with a long white beard, and eyes that made one think of Tolstoi.

In the Heier Home I found what I had never found before in an old-age home, a mother and son sitting side by side, both inmates. The mother was eighty, the son sixty-three, but the one did not look a day older or younger than the other. They had spent all their lives working for each other; and when the time came that they could work no longer, they had applied for admission and had both been taken in on the same day. And delighted they were to be there; the old woman's face was simply beaming. All the inmates, indeed, seemed to be keenly alive to the fact that the Fates, in sending them there, had dealt with them most kindly.

The Boew Institution is much larger than the Heier, and on that account less homelike; but in all other respects it is just as comfortable, as well organized and managed. It has 300 inmates, 180 old women and 120 old men, who are maintained at a cost of 120 roubles a year each—9 3-4*d.* a day. They live in pleasant, prettily furnished rooms, six in some rooms, twelve in others, and they have good dinners to eat every day and good clothes to wear. These people, too, belong to the respectable class, and are therefore left to go their own way as much as possible. For the aged poor who are not respectable, who cannot be trusted to go their own way, Moscow reserves a special old-age home, one which is attached to the Beggars' Depot, an institution that corresponds roughly to our casual ward. The inmates of this home neither receive much consideration nor are yet allowed much liberty; still, unless their faces belie them most cruelly, they are treated every whit as well as they deserve.

Of the old-age homes in country districts in Russia, I know nothing, nothing at least beyond the fact that they are few and far between—the veriest white ravens, indeed, in some provinces. It is only the town homes that I have visited, and they certainly are in many respects admirable. They are not perfect of course—in some of them there are glaring defects—none the less they all serve their purpose; for the old and destitute, the weary and worn, find in them a peaceful, comfortable refuge. In the worst among them life smacks of Paradise compared with life in the Day-Room of our London workhouse. Yet there is not a single old-age home in Russia where the cost per head is so high as in that very workhouse. Thus not only Denmark, but Russia, turns to better account the money she spends on her aged poor than England. Even in St. Petersburg and Moscow respectable old men and women not only fare much better than they fare in London, but they cost their fellows much less.

Edith Sellers.

The Nineteenth Century and After.

THE LITTLE BOY.

So soon as you shall have put away from you the glamour of the tiny girl, the spells of exquisite sorcery with which she enslaves you, the allurement of her coquetry and caprice, then you may face the question frankly, and acknowledge that the warmest corner of your heart is reserved, alike by reason and instinct, for the little boy. The little boy militant, tramping his nursery with drum and flag and scraps of patriotism; the little boy inconsolable over a broken toy, or shedding tears of tardy repentance upon a melted maternal breast. So easily abashed, so quickly elated; his credulity of glorious chances so illimitable, and his sum of human wealth a penny. He walks among bewildering realities and is companioned by rainbow dreams; the world presents to him a series of golden vistas down which he gazes, faintly cognizant of heroic deed and triumphant adventure at the further end. These are the roads into the past and the future; for the present there is all-desirable and all-sufficient play, upon which the daily details of life are mere excrescences. He is himself so sweet, so tender an anomaly. All those femininities, from petticoats to petulance, which the little girl wears by right, are his only for a brief space. There is continual war within him between these gentler attributes and the incipient virility which crops up at unexpected turns. Thus he draws one's affection by a twofold cord, by his loveliness, his shyness, his frailty, no less than those robuster traits of nascent man by which he puts his sisters to open shame as "only girls." He is the crowned king of childhood; his reign begins at two years old, and is over at eight or nine. By that time he has shaken off the last vestiges of sexless infancy, and is launched upon a new state of things: boy now, but little boy no longer.

He exists in two main types: the clinging, timorous, quiet child, whose unimpeachable virtue is of the negative kind—more often the result of feeble health than of sound doctrine; and the quicksilver creature, brilliant and restless, scrambling from one mischief into another as fast as his badly bruised legs will carry him. The first may develop into a prig, the last gravitates toward the *enfant terrible:* each in turn is adorable. Paradoxical though it seem, pathos is the keynote of the little boy and all his works. The little girl is the woman in miniature; her characteristics are not changed but accentuated as years pass. Her toys are the prototypes of her future concerns (this holds good even among savage nations), and all her amusements are of a stereotyped, stay-at-home order. The mother, the housewife, the coquette in embryo, she carries out with more or less verisimilitude the details of these various roles, and is in herself a standing example of the eternal fitness of things. But the little boy must suffer an explicit change before he can slough his babyhood. In him you shall see Man, the overlord, the dominant partner, held in all humiliation for the nonce under the thrall of women tutors and governors, and in bondage to the weak and beggarly elements. He is the victim of a present incapacity for those matters salient to his ultimate career. He is so chained about with "Thou shalt nots" on the one hand, and with petticoat influence and little fears on the other, that the measure of his actual achievement under such harassing

circumstances touches the marvellous.

"Every child is to a certain extent a genius," says Schopenhauer, "and every genius is to a certain extent a child"—not least so in a potency of overcoming obstacles. Those dare-devil acts with which the man-child asserts his manhood and alarms his anxious friends are counted and punished as crimes; and that somewhat inane nondescript, "a good boy," is usually, as I have said, he who lacks sufficient vitality for escapades. It is the mother, the aunt, the nurse, the governess, the elder sister—all his female tyrants, greatly misunderstanding, who are so "down" upon the little boy for his heinous transgressions of the nursery code. His own sex are laxer or more lenient; they also have been in Arcadia. You may notice this fact in police reports, in newspaper accounts of those accidents to which the foolhardiness of the little boy renders him, alas! so frequently liable. He is there constantly alluded to, with a veiled tenderness, as "the little fellow," "the poor little fellow," "the unfortunate child." There is no such sympathy hinted when anything befalls a little girl, but rather a grumbling air, as who should say, "Que diable fait-elle dans cette galère?" But one reads, "The little boy" (of six) "cried so bitterly when his dog was brought to the hammer that the auctioneer refused to sell it"; and there was a recent story of Boers raiding a farm and all its live stock, when the little boy of the house, flinging his arms round his beloved pony, defied all and sundry to take it at the peril of their lives. The Boers had been little boys themselves; they laughed, and departed in peace. Even the stony-hearted magistrate relents and Justice nods. "A pretty little boy, eight years old, was charged by his father at West London with being of such a disposition as to be entirely beyond parental control. Mr. Plowden, on seeing the little fellow, said he did not intend to relieve a father of the responsibility of controlling a child of eight. *The Father:* 'I can't control him.' *The Magistrate:* 'You must control him.' The father went on to state that he had beaten the child and kept him without food. Mr. Plowden said starving a little boy was the way to send him off. The father said the boy had stolen five shillings from his mother, and spent it riding in omnibuses all day long. Mr. Plowden supposed the money was gone, and said the father should keep it out of his way and *give him plenty of pudding.* The boy was discharged." This is only a sample of many such cases. Eight years old, by the way, seems to be a significant period in the little boy's history. The other day a child of eight actually received the Royal Humane Society's medal for having saved, at various times, three other babes from drowning.

The little girl is certainly mother of the woman, but as to the child being father of the man, that I utterly gainsay. As a rule he is vastly superior to the man, in observation, conscience, sense of beauty, and all those other qualities which fade into the light of common day and leave him but a dull worldling at thirty who was a coruscating brilliance at six. Goethe said that "if children grew up according to early indications, we should have nothing but genuises"; and the inevitable decrescence of this natural ability is one of the losses which men regret most bitterly, though they assign other names to it. Sometimes it is the playfulness of childhood they deplore, sometimes its invincible innocence. "I cannot reach it," Henry Vaughan writes of that vanished spring:

I cannot reach it, and my straining eye
Dazzles at it, as at eternity.

Were now that Chronicle alive,
Those white designs which children drive,
And the thoughts of each harmless hour,
With their content, too, in my power,
Quickly would I make my path even,
And by mere playing go to Heaven.

The little boy in the abstract is called Tommy—always Tommy. He may figure under other aliases, but you know he is Tommy at heart. In a score of Du Maurier's drawings you come across the upper-class Tommy, with his bewitching misdeeds and conversational *faux pas*. Then there is the middle-class child, who sees more of his parents, and who, if he be brought up in the country, inhabits a perpetual wonderland. The poor little slum *gamin*, whose end is so often tragic, enjoys his abbreviated Tommy-hood as much as any. He knows of no better state—and one can always play. One would hesitate to apply to some of these starveling, crippled little beings Herbert Spencer's theory that superfluous energy is the cause of play; and yet with closer knowledge one discovers them playful on the very verge of extinction. Play is the child's primal necessity of life, his means of development, his all in all. Tommy is usually kindly in his play, and has a special weakness for babies, his protective masculine tendency asserting itself. A little boy in charge of a perambulator, such as may frequently be seen in mean streets, is a hundredfold kinder than a little girl in the same position; less apt to neglect his duty, having more sense of responsibility, and manifesting a peculiar gentleness in handling his infant.

Tommy's chief characteristics, I take it, are three: an insatiable curiosity, an inveterate desire to play, and a strong bias towards eating not wisely but too well. Imagination is not common to every child in the same degree, and one must confess that playfulness, imitativeness, and various other transient attributes are shared by the young of most animals. But it is this amazing inquisitive propensity which makes our hero such a mine of extensive and peculiar information. Let some work be afoot in the roads or streets—pipe-laying, wire-fixing, what-not—you shall see every little boy straining to dislocation at the arm of his disgusted nurse. It is absolutely necessary that he should acquaint himself with how and why these men are employed, and in what manner the work is done. The little girl in sublime indifference passes with averted eyes. Exactitude as to word, and accuracy as to *raison d'être* are also strongly marked in Tommy, and are the correlatives of his curiosity. It is this exactitude which hands down the traditional nursery songs, almost *ipsissima verba*, from generation to generation. One of the queerest instances of the thirst for irrelevant information is to be found in those little boys, just able to write, who perch with pencil and paper on the suburban railway fences, and laboriously register the name of every engine that passes. Aware of these abstruse researches, one is the less surprised at Peter, *ætat.* two and a half, on being taken by his mother to Kew Gardens, addressing an astounded under-gardener with "You see those *Chionodoxas?* Well, we've lots of them at home!"——or at Victor, about four, heard discussing with Robin, a year older, the mysteries of triple-expansion boilers; or at Dicky, aged three, using as a war-cry those blessed words *Encyclopædia Britannica*. Of course, four-fifths of this miscellaneous lore is only attained by the child transforming himself into a walking note of interrogation. "The little boy who was gored to death by a mad bull for asking questions," held

up as an awful warning to little Paul Dombey, suffered vicariously for all his brethren since the world began.

Between Tommy's ideals of right and wrong there runs a thick line of demarcation, too soon to become obliterated in this life of mixed motives. His conscience is divided into two camps, that of guilt and that of conscious rectitude; and whatsoever is not of faith to him most emphatically is sin. The notion that the Age of Faith is past is a fond thing vainly invented. We all have dwelt in it, and our children are now its inheritors. "Nothing can stagger a child's faith; he accepts the clumsiest substitute, and can swallow the most staring incongruities." But at the same time his logic is merciless, and he will push a conclusion or drive an argument to such justly demonstrable issues as to land his embarrassed parent in a *cul-de-sac*. To silence his questions is not to put a stopper on his reasoning, and it is often better worth while patiently to thrash out a question with him, as far as his intelligence will allow, than to shut him up with brusque rebuff. "The existence of human childhood, in its long period of plasticity and educability, has made possible human civilization"; and one is at least bound to furnish the little son with some explanation of the ordinary phenomena of life. That is no more than his due. At the same time one should forbear to press him too closely for a definite reason or statement about anything. An excellent example of the child at bay is that little boy of Wordsworth's, who, driven into a corner as to why he preferred Kilve to some other place, replied, "At Kilve there was no weather-cock, and that's the reason why!"

His fears are not the least pathetic part of him; they are as a rule so obvious, so rudimentary, lightly aroused and augmented, and yet in some cases of so recondite and incomprehensible a nature, that it goes hard to comfort them out of sight, or douche them with cold common-sense. Explain away and whittle down as you will, the wisdom of the ages beats in vain against the child's inviolable certitude. Yet the small impenitence in abbreviated "trousis," who defies authority and despises personal chastisement immediately before and after its application, may be reduced to moral pulp by the apparition of some terror inadvertently evoked. I have known the most scandalous rebel, knowing no awe of parent or policeman (the latter is usually a name to conjure with), quail and grovel before the recollection of the Böas. (The Böas is a fearful wildfowl depicted in Jusserand's "English Novel of the Time of Shakespeare," where it figures in the act of devouring a little astonished boy.) "The devil you know," says the Irish proverb, "is better than the devil you don't know." Besides, in the child's mind, 'bus-horses and Böases are on an equal footing of probability, nor does he vex himself to discriminate between real and possible monsters. The late H. J. Bryon, the dramatist, used to recount with delight a fragmentary dialogue overheard at some railway station. *First Little Boy:* "Oh, yes, and we had great games, you know. They were all divided into two parties, you know, and one party stayed in the room, and the other party went outside." *Second Little Boy:* "And what did they do?" *First:* "Oh, they came in and pretended to *be* things, you know." *Second:* "What sort of things?" *First:* "Oh, well, er—*Dwagons*, foh instance!"

I have not touched upon the little boy at school; personally I consider that nobody should go to school at all until he be past eight. One can very well acquire a modicum of the three R's by easy stages at home; and for

the rest, why waste the irretrievable hours of the play-years in acquiring a reluctant knowledge of things which are not presently essential? Education is at best a mitigated blessing. The reduction of so many germinal excellences to a dead level of scholastic attainment is one of the unhappiest certainties of the little boy's future; and "I am afraid," to quote Jean Paul Richter, "of every adult hairy hand and fist that paws in among this tender pollen of child-flowers, shaking off here one color, there another, so as to produce the right variegated carnation."

Consider how large the little boy looms in the public eye down all the centuries. Just as the spontaneous loyalty of the nation is now focussed in Prince Edward of Wales, so all English history is punctuated by the stories, the calamities, the tragedies of little boys. Arthur of Brittany, for example, and the Princes in the Tower were actually beyond the age-limit I have specified, but in popular imagination they are quite small "kiddies," about eight years old. No amount of Higher Criticism has affected the little boys of Biblical narrative; there is still the same undying interest, the same touching intonation about the stories of Samuel and his little coat, and the small Josiah wondering under his heavy crown, and the Shunammite's child, who came back from the harvest field moaning "My head! my head!" And where would the painters of Christendom be, lacking their Gesulino? He is hardly ever represented as a Baby—nearly always as a well-grown Child of two to three years, instinct with that divine pensiveness and sometimes with that enchanting roguery which are the poles of the little boy's behavior. After all, the large-eyed innocence of the quiescent child, "dragged about by nurses in a pleasing stupor," is less charming than the April storms and sunshines of the tiny scamp. Cherubs, Cupids, Holy Innocents, what you will, little boys have been the trump cards of the artist down to the ubiquitous "Bubbles." The poets are rather addicted to squander verbiage upon the irresponsive little girl; but the plucky little Buccleuch, in the "Lay of the Last Minstrel," is a glorious boy, and has a few worthy mates, the most lovable among them being that charming unhappy child of Coventry Patmore's, who, sent to bed "with hard words and unkissed, His mother, who was patient, being dead," is found asleep with wet eyelashes beside his treasures:

For, on a table drawn beside his head,
He had put, within his reach,
A box of counters and a red-veined stone,
A piece of glass abraded by the beach,
And six or seven shells,
A bottle with bluebells,
And two French copper coins, ranged there with careful art
To comfort his sad heart.

There are many little boys familiar to us in English fiction, each a joy for ever. Some are Dickens's, several are Mrs. Ewing's; there is Tom in the "Water Babies." One of the best recent ones is "Q's" Taffy in the "Ship of Stars." None of them, however, can hold a candle to Thackeray's. When you recollect Georgy Osborne and little Rawdon, Tommy Newcome (afterwards the Colonel) and Clivey Newcome and Tommykin or "Boy" of the third generation—do you remember how "Codd" Colonel and Clive put Boy to bed and heard his prayers, after the rout of the Campaigner?—you must needs acknowledge that here is the master painter. Not with one casual sketch, but with a hundred intimate details here and there, Thackeray gives you his little boys' hands to hold—those warm, grubby, velvety

hands. He is always eager to abandon his grown-ups for a while, to talk about their children. The objective little boy is indubitably Thackeray's even as the subjective one is Stevenson's. In Thackeray's drawings—notably in "Dr. Birch's School"—we are shown the diminutive scapegraces and scaramouches just as he knew them fifty years ago, with wide, questioning eyes and chubby contours, strangely attired in little coats and skirts which know no modern equivalent. Even the last generation went petticoated till eight years old, writhing in resentment against the ignominy of "girls' clothes." Why they were so clad I cannot imagine; it was a clumsy and unmeaning costume. Nor can any mother of sons whom I have interrogated afford a better answer than that "it was the custom." Nowadays, many a rosy rogue has barely scraped through two twelvemonths when the *toga virilis* descends upon him, and the proportions of his nether man are moulded into tight-fitting breeches of inconceivable skimpiness—small clothes in every sense of the word. I do not see that this unduly accelerates his ageing; it gives him self-respect, and decides the struggling fact of his boyhood.

But the literature of Tommy is inexhaustible. He is the hero of countless nursery rhymes, which do not take much account of little girls, but dwell lovingly on Little Jack Horner pulling out his plum, Little Tom Tucker singing for his supper (a habit of desultory singing is one of Tommy's dearest traits), Little Boy Blue asleep in the hay, or Wee Willie Winkie scampering in his night-gown. The nursery tales bear these company; and at the top of the tree we have Shakespeare, with his "sweet villain," his "gallant child," Mamillius in the "Winter's Tale." "No, I'll none of you," Mamillius says to the Court ladies. "You'll kiss me hard, and speak to me as if I were a baby still." He proposes to tell them a story. "I have one of sprites and goblins. . . . There was a man dwelt by a churchyard—I will tell it softly!" His perfections evoke that wonderful description by Polixenes of his own son:

He's all my exercise, my mirth, my matter:
Now my sworn friend, and then mine enemy;
My parasite, my soldier, statesman, all
He makes a July's day short as December.
And, with his varying childness, cures in me
Thoughts that would thick my blood.

There are other children presented by Shakespeare, such as Arthur, and those ill-fated little princes whose murderers wept to tell the tale, and poor William in the "Merry Wives," subjected to sudden *viva voce* examination in his Latin Grammar, which is surely very vile treatment on a holiday. But Mamillius remains the best. Lastly, there is Stevenson. The boy of the "Child's Garden of Verses" is the ultimate type of the imaginative child; yet Stevenson never introduced children as mere "copy" into his works of fiction. This may have been from an access, or an excess, of that *maxima reverentia* so keenly felt by the child-lover. It is unusual to have a young fellow of twenty-five crying, "Oh, I have such a longing for children of my own; and yet I do not think I could bear it if I had." He stays up half the night on one occasion, trying to find the home of a little lost three-year-old—carries him about, puts his coat round him, and gets him a currant scone, and "spirits him up with good words." But he said his say for good in the "Child's Garden"; there the little boy plays, to all time, in the simplicity of Eden.

Poor Tommy, so soon to leave be-

hind him that idyllic existence! Petticoated or kilted, in little sailor suits, and linen smocks, and velvet coats, and miniature reefers, he marches blindly on his destiny. Soon he will run his dear little head against that blank wall of foregone conclusions which shuts out fairyland from a workaday world. His blocks and lead soldiers will be left in the irrevocable past, badly exchanged for ties and cigarettes. He may become a general, or a diplomat, or a broker's man; but he can never be a pirate any more. Let us make much of him while we can. Rudely healthy, all dimples and noise—convalescent, with thin legs and plaintive eyes; dark-haired and ruddy, red-haired and freckly, flower-like gold and rose, he is fundamentally the same—always actuated by the joyful abiding principles of Tommydom, and consumed by that unabateable hunger for toys. Deal gently, you grown-up people, with his negligences and ignorances; turn an indulgent look upon his buoyant naughtiness, his sweet unreasonableness, his desperate gallantry in the pursuit of dangerous delights. The immortal Child himself, that celestial ebullience of laughing mischief, was modelled after his likeness. Love was once a little boy.

May Byron.

The Cornhill Magazine.

KATHERINE CARY'S CHRISTENING CUP.

A Story of Ireland in 1688.

In a certain old Irish mansion is shown a silver christening cup, the last relic of a vanished family. It bears the inscription Katherine Cary, K. R. 1676. This is the legend told of the cup.

Far away in the lonely western country the soft gray sky brooded low over the solitary gray cliffs and the silent sea. Down on the narrow strand, at the edge of the pale water stood a woman looking out to the west. The lonely figure, shrouded in a black nun-like cloak, added neither movement nor color to the desolate scene. The little transparent waves broke on the seaweed ledges at her feet with a soft rush, the gulls circled closer and closer, and their wailing voices seemed to call her; but she stood absorbed and motionless, as though she were waiting, and the stillness around her seemed to gather a dreadful meaning from her intent look, and to be also waiting, waiting for the drum beat that was to shatter the false peace that brooded over Ireland, and show the terror that lurked below.

"Aunt Nan, Aunt Nan!" The silence was broken, but by nothing more terrible than a child's voice. "Aunt Nan, grandfather's calling you." Anne Cary started from her dream and turned to the footpath that led up the rocks.

Above her the promontory that faced the Atlantic was crowned by a strange jumble of masonry, irregular buildings of all ages huddling under a great Norman keep as if for shelter against the western gales.

The old man was leaning out of a casement that looked over the wind-swept terrace garden.

"Nan! Nan!" he cried impatiently, "ever dreaming when there's work afoot. Bustle, bustle, girl! We must

be riding by daybreak to-morrow if we are to catch the tide at Baltimore. This is no time for staring at the sea, you can count the waves well enough when we are safe aboard."

"All is ready, father," answered Anne gently, "save your papers and the silver cups and platters. Have you resolved where to bestow them?"

"Yes, yes, 'tis concerning that same that I'm wanting you. I asked O'Driscol if I could leave them in his keeping, but he is as frighted as a child at the thought, and has just sent Denny over to say so; doesn't even know how long his own will be safe!—very like, very like, with his popish King James coming to sack and plunder and lay contributions on his own friends as well as on his enemies. Faith, I'm sorry for a decent man like O'Driscol to be keeping company with such rapparees. So I have decided to bestow our wealth in a safe hiding place I wot of, and I need your help presently in packing it."

"And where will we be putting it all, sir?" asked Anne, as Captain Cary began to bustle about and lift the large tankards and platters from the carved shelves of the sideboard.

"'Tis best I should not tell thee, Nan; so if you are asked your answer comes pat; I can make shift by myself to carry it all in two or three journeys in the saddlebags."

"Ah, indeed, sir, 'tis too heavy for you entirely," cried Anne as she began to roll up the pieces of silver in soft coverings. "And what harm will it do for me to help you to carry it? Sure I'm not one to be talking and telling secrets."

"No, no, thy tongue doesn't wag like most women's, but, faith, thy curiosity has a touch of thy granddame Eve's. Ask no questions, Nan, I have a safe hiding-place among the rocks, dry and clean as my own great chest. I have had my eye on it this many a day. Yes, yes, the old man is no fool yet. I have foreseen there was trouble brewing, and have sought long to find this safe nook. The seagulls may know it, but, I dare be sworn, nothing else that walks on two feet can come near it," and he chuckled at his own cunning.

"Alas, sir, can it be prudent for you to go climbing in such places? Sure were you to fall and have a hurt, 'twould be worse than losing all we possess."

"Tush, Nan, you talk like a fool. 'Tis the fortune of little Kate there you should be considering. See here, these be title-deeds of the estate and fisheries in these parts, and here be the leases of the iron-works from my Lord Cork, and the writings of the grazing lands in County Meath. And here be the marriage settlements of my father and grandfather and their wills. The parchments will be safe and dry in my leather writing-box. Forget not, girl, 'tis all our fortune hangs on these deeds. When his Highness of Orange hath sent Stingy Shamus back to St. Germains with a flea in his ear, and we are safe home again, 'tis as beggars we'd come home lacking our title-deeds, so 'tis worth while to risk my old bones to put them in safe hiding. The silver cups and jewels may bring ready money when 'tis sore needed to amend the wreck these wars will most like work here, so best lay all up for the day of our return."

"Oh, grandad, grandad!" A girl's wail interrupted his words. "Not my cup, let me take my cup with me! 'Tis my very own and I must have it!"

"Hoity toity! must forsooth! Nan, 'tis you must take order with the child. Hearken, Kate, do you want your cup snatched from you by rapparees as you ride to Baltimore and your throat cut to boot, or to have it pilfered by some knavish seaman or inn-

keeper? The cup my Lady Ranelagh gave you when she christened you! Fie, fie, you are old enough to be wiser."

"Do not anger your grandfather, sweet heart," whispered Anne; and Katherine choking down her sobs dashed out of the room, while Anne went on with her work, a deeper shadow settling on her sad face. Anne Cary was born to be a slave to those she loved. For long years her father had governed his household with military despotism, but an even more imperial rule was that of the petted child of the house, little Kitty, whose dying mother had trusted her to Aunt Nan's love and whose father, Roger Cary, was far off in the north, riding to join the Prince of Orange in the battle that was to decide the destiny of Ireland.

Anne's trembling fingers hurried over their work, that she might follow and comfort the darling of her heart, but when at last Captain Cary started forth on his secret errand, Anne found that better comforters had already reached the offended little lady; Katherine had flung herself on the grass, hiding her face on her arms; on one side of her sat a great tawny wolfhound watching her with his ears pricked, and now and then gently laying his great paw on the child's shoulder to make her notice his puzzled sympathy; on her other side crouched the dog's master, a handsome boy of fifteen or sixteen. His arm was round her neck among the tangled flaxen curls, and he whispered eager consolations in her ear.

"See now, mavourneen, you wouldn't be after taking everything away with you, or you'd never be wanting to come home at all, at all!"

"Maureen says we'll never be coming back save on the red wind," sobbed Katherine.

"Sorrow take Maureen for an old fool," cried the boy angrily. "Sure and if you don't come back by the turn of the year 'tis meself will be fetching you—will you come with me, avourneen?"

"Yes, oh yes, and you'll bring my cup with you, for oh, Denny, I'll never want any supper ever again if I can't have my own cup to drink my milk out of. I don't want anything in the whole world but my own cup."

"Now hearken, sweetheart, I solemnly vow I'll never drink a drop out of me own silver cup till you are safe home again, so we'll be keeping each other company at supper even if the sea is betwixt us."

Katherine raised her head from her arms at this proof of devotion, and he caught the chance. "See here, acushlah, what I'm bringing you for a Christmas gift and keepsake," and he held up a long string of strange blue and green beads. "'Tis on the Red Strand I've been after finding them this year past, and stringing them for you, and Father Tim says they're Egyptian, and likely they belonged to the Princess of Egypt that married St. Jeremiah and came here to convert the Danes. He makes no doubt she was kin to the O'Driscols and would be visiting at Roscrea."

What child could resist such a lovely necklace, hallowed by such a magnificent legend! Katherine sat up, and flung her arms round the boy's neck.

"Denny, you're a darling; I'll wear them always, always!"

"And sure," continued Dennis, "if the Princess of Egypt was such a mighty traveller, it's good luck she'll be giving you and safe home to you!" Just then Aunt Nan was seen at the door and was called to admire the necklace and hear the story; and, wise in her generation, she did not hint how like these beads were to others she had seen washed up from the

wreck of a Sallee Rover on that very same Red Strand. So Dennis turned homeward and Katherine went happily off to bed, clasping the necklace of the drowned pirate as a sacred and infallible charm, that would surely bring her home again to the land where her treasured cup was buried.

The little girl could find consolation for her childish sorrow in the caresses of her playfellow, but what consolation could lighten the hearts of the old man and his daughter as they sat alone that night in the house whence the servants had fled as if from a plague?

The old man's spirit was bitter within him. Hard it was for each of them to leave the home where their ancestors had dwelt in wealth and peace, but harder still for him to have to confess that his strong arm and shrewd wit were so wasted by age that he must turn his back on the enemy and seek safety in flight like a woman or a child. Was such safety worth seeking? He had lived too long.

In spite of their Protestant creed and English blood, the Carys held themselves for no foreigners in Munster. They loved the land they had made their home as warmly as though their forefathers had peopled it, and no religious debates ever troubled their friendship with the Celtic neighbors to whom they grew nearer akin year by year. The intense pride with which they regarded their English pedigree did not prevent their marrying into the families of their Irish friends, and Captain Cary fought for Charles I. shoulder to shoulder with the Irish O'Driscol, and cursed Cromwell and his roundheads as heartily as any Romanist could do.

But now a new king reigned in England who had no gratitude left for his father's servants and no toleration for the Munster Protestants. Already they were being disarmed in the name of King James, and they began to whisper to each other dreadful old stories of the Irish rising in 1641 and to send their families to safety across the sea before a new religious war broke out to rival the horrors of the former.

The child might sob for her lost treasure, the old man might sigh for his vanished youth, but the future was still bright for the child, and memory could still make the old soldier glory over the days when he was a leader of men; but Anne Cary dared look neither before nor after. Her mother had been of Irish blood, one of the proud O'Sullivans of Bear, and although Anne had dutifully learned her catechism from the Protestant parson Synge, she had learned other lessons, older than any form of Christianity, from her mother's foster-sister, Maureen Duv; and now, when even the good parson sighed that he should be driven forth to sing the Lord's song in a strange land, all the Celtic blood in Anne Cary's veins responded to the wails of Maureen Duv when she hobbled up with lamentations and warnings to tell that the Banshee had cried for three nights past, and sure she was if the Carys went across the sea to the proud English they would return no more, save on the red wind that carries back the dust of those who die far from Ireland, to rest in the land they love. Ah, if she might lay down her life here in the old home and let dying eyes look their last on an Irish sky! "Let me but come home again," she sighed, "and I ask nothing more in life."

Suddenly she was startled from her brooding.

"Father, that cannot be the moon rising! What is that light?"

"Tut, tut, Nan, how fearsome you grow," he answered, pulling himself up from his great chair and coming

towards the door. "Sure, 'tis nothing," he began, and then ceased suddenly. The night was perfectly still; in the dead silence the roar of the waves on the outer side of the promontory sounded like muffled thunder, but no ripple stirred the bay that lay dark, with a deeper blackness than that of night, at their feet. Beyond the hills to the east a strange light glowed and flickered and rose and sank. Then suddenly two sharp reports broke the stillness and a wild yell, like that of hungry wolves, went up into the silent night.

Captain Cary turned to his daughter; twenty years seemed suddenly lifted from his life; the peevish old man was once more the ready and resolute soldier.

"Nan," he said, "that's Morrough Court burning; I doubt 'twill be our next turn. Rouse the child, fly with her to O'Driscol. He will hide you safe for to-night. I can keep the rogues in play long enough for you to win into his demesne. Why do you loiter?" he shouted, turning on her fiercely. "My curse go with you if you save not the child. Obey me, lest I teach you your duty in a fashion you will not forget!" and the terrified woman caught up the child from the pallet bed in the corner and fled, not from fear of the ferocity of the insurgents, but from terrified obedience to her imperious father.

Next morning the sun dawned gaily on the waves that speeded a good ship on her way, carrying the fugitives from Munster to a land of safety. It outshone the flames that still flickered round the blackened ruins of Castle Cary, and it gleamed redly on a broken sword clenched in the stiff hand of an old man. Heaven had been good to Captain Cary, and spared him the humiliation of exile. The fierce joy of battle had given him ten minutes of renewed youth, and he had died a soldier's death in defence of the women he loved best on earth.

II.

Four years were past and gone, the reign of James Stewart was over, and the battles of the Boyne and Aughrim had scattered his followers. The Munster gentlemen who had joined the army of the Prince of Orange ventured back one by one to their western homes, finding too often only blackened ruins to mark the spot they had so longed to see once more.

Colonel Roger Cary's military duties were over, and he brought his sister and daughter back to their old home. The tower of Castle Cary had weathered the storm of war as bravely as the winter gales, although the newer buildings that had clustered round it had sunk into a mere rubbish heap. The kindly help of a few neighbors raised a roof of thatch over the old walls of the tower, and there Anne Cary strove to gather together once more the scattered relics of their old home.

Fears for the future and anxiety for the present weighed heavily on the elders, but Katherine's heart danced lightly. She was at home again, and the happy old life would again begin, only better than ever, because she was a child no longer but a grown woman, sixteen years old, and could sit up to supper with the old people. Supper—oh, had Denny O'Driscol kept his promise and never drunk out of his silver cup at supper all these long years? If he had been so self-denying he should have his reward that very evening; he should come over to share their first supper in the old house, and he should bring his unused cup with him and they would each drink to the other out of their own dear cup.

"And the cups shall be crowned

with red, red wine," she sang, inventing a little triumph song of her own as she danced along. "Now I must go find my cup. I wonder where grandad hid it? No matter, my eyes are sharp enough to spy it out, I'll find it before supper-time, and then I shall have everything I want in the world! And the cups shall be crowned with red, red wine," she broke out again into her little song, but somehow the tune changed as she sang and slid into an echo of a song she had heard in England. "I will not ask for wine," and she stopped and blushed and then shook her pretty head and danced on to no music but that in her heart.

The dark peak of Mount Gabriel stood out against a primrose sky, pale gleams broke the gray levels of the sea below, all around her the uplands were golden with the sheen of gorse, the lonely landscape seemed to have gathered brightness to suit the girl's triumphant fulness of life. A harmony in gold and silver people would call the scene nowadays, and even in that less observant time the lovely scents and colors wove themselves after a fashion into the girl's dreams; and then the dream suddenly became truth, and Denny O'Driscol had sprung over the bank and was holding her hands, and Bran was trying hard to make her notice his share of the welcome.

How glad Dennis had been to see his little playfellow standing once more on the cliff, his little sweetheart whom he had missed so long. But as he took her hands something happened; with a great start he discovered that the old life was not beginning again, but that all things were become new. This was not his little sweetheart, this tall and graceful creature standing like a goddess among the flowers; the old familiar likeness came and went on her face and mocked him with a memory of old days, but he stood dumb, looking at her, while a red flush crept up to his forehead.

And Katherine? Here was her comrade, her chosen knight, grown dearer from the long missing of his fellowship, grown taller and handsomer, but grown strange and silent. Had she been spending all her sweet maidenly dreams on a stranger? Was this not her old playfellow? She, too, stood silent, only the breeze stirred the yellow blossoms, and below the waves talked softly on the strand. But her heart was too full of joy for any misgiving to do more than glance into it and flee away, and she laughed out like an echo of the laughter of the ripples, and she cried, "I have come home, Denny! I have come home!"

The sound of her voice broke the spell that seemed to have frozen him, and he cried, "It hasn't been home at all wanting you!" Then the eyes he knew so well glanced up for a moment at him, and her blushing answer came:

"And were you really missing me?"

"Was I missing you! Would I be after missing the heart out of me breast!" he cried with sudden vehemence; "but what are the likes of us for you to come back to!—rough country folk, and beggared and proscribed to boot; sure I'm no fit company for you at all," he ended with a new humility. For all answer Katherine drew the long string of Moorish beads from her bosom, and in a minute the boy was on his knees kissing the necklace as devoutly as ever pilgrim kissed a relic, and the hands that held the beads met, and the four long years that had parted them were clean forgotten.

The O'Driscol had strolled over to welcome Colonel Cary home, and now sat smoking with him outside the old tower. "Faith," said the Irishman, "if that isn't Denny and your little girl coming across the hill! They've

been mighty quick in finding one another. Ah, and 'tis a great pity the times are so bad, they'd make an elegant couple, now wouldn't they?"

Colonel Cary smiled, and he continued: "'Tis young they are, but I was no older than Denny when I took my good wife. But indeed," he admitted regretfully, "'tis on the right side of the hedge you Protestant gentlemen are now, and I doubt you wouldn't be willing to give your colleen to a boy that hasn't as much land as would sod a lark. These confiscations have swept me as bare as your hand!"

"I'd have liked the match well," answered Colonel Cary, laying down his pipe, "right well, old friend; but faith, we are all well-nigh beggars! I doubt that these times be fit for marrying and giving in marriage."

"Begorrah, nothing but Noah's flood ever stopped it that I've heard tell of," answered O'Driscol; "but as I said, you are on the sunny side of the bank now."

"No, truly," answered Colonel Cary, "I am as very a beggar as yourself, O'Driscol. Could I but lay my hands on the treasure and the papers my father hid away, 'twould be easy talking; but there is Black Dermod Sullivan claiming the forest and fisheries that came by my mother, and I know not how to hold my own against him, wanting the writings and with not a penny of money nor a head of stock. What good will my father's bare acres and ruined house do the young things there?"

"Well, well," sighed O'Driscol, "'tis my heart that would be lighter if I had the poor bare acres my fathers had before me—but I doubt my boy must be off to France and carve his fortune out with his sword. Hey, lad!" as Dennis came up to them, "I'm after telling Colonel Cary that you've been wearying to be away to the wars."

"Father," said Dennis, standing straight and tall before the older men, "let Jack go to France instead of me, you need me at home, and maybe you, sir," turning to Colonel Cary, "would be letting me lend a hand in restoring things about here to order!"

"A very Jacob," murmured Colonel Cary in his mustache, but not so low but that Dennis's quick ear caught the word.

"Ah, sir, would you but let me serve seven, or twice seven, years for Katherine, no slave in the Indian plantations would work harder than I!"

"Nonsense, my boy," said Colonel Cary. "'Tis ill trying to prop a falling house or share a beggar's dish. Go your way to the wars and leave the old country and the old ruins to the old men. Your youth and strength deserve a brighter fate."

"Sure, sir, what brighter fate could a prince have than leave to hope for Kitty?" cried the boy.

"Now, daddy," said a sweet imperious voice behind Colonel Cary, and two soft arms were put round his neck; "I won't have you talking about being beggars; sure the papers aren't lost at all, they're but mislaid, and 'tis but a few days' seeking and we'll find them and all be as rich and happy as kings! 'Tis four years since I vowed I'd never be happy till my cup was found, and I know I never will."

"Well, my Sunday's child! maybe your bright eyes may spy out what mine have missed, but I have already searched every spot that I ever heard my father speak of, and I am at my wit's end where else to turn."

"I'll find them," repeated Katherine solemnly; "I promise you I'll find them. I've never broken my word."

"Ah, Kitty, mavourneen," cried Dennis, "now go easy, and don't be seeking by your lone self; the wolves have been seen again beyond Schull, and there are rapparees about, and it isn't

fitting you should be wandering about this rough country without someone to guard you."

"Tilly vally!" cried the girl, forgetting her gravity. "I believe 'tis jealous of my sharp eyes you are! Why, what would the wolves be doing among these bare rocks? There's nothing so tempting to fetch them or the rapparees here! No, no, if any one were with me 'twould spoil my luck entirely. 'Tis my own self and no one else can find the treasure. I'm as sure of it as if it were writ in the Gospel."

"No, Kate," interrupted her father; "Denny is in the right: I judge from what your aunt here says 'twas in no very safe place your grandfather buried it, and I won't have you going alone and very like breaking your neck over the cliffs. Get some of the girleens from Drinagh to scramble after you, they are as nimble as wild goats, then you may seek if you please; though I doubt your search will be like the bohreen that's ever going to the farm and never gets there."

"Now stop, daddy, 'tis the wrong proverb you have entirely. There's no bohreen without a turning, is the true saying, and it's just as true that I am going to turn out of our lane of ill-luck before the week is over," and with a merry laugh she sprang away from them and disappeared among the ruins.

"Sir, that's not your last word for me," asked Dennis wistfully; "won't you be waiting a little to see if we won't have luck in the search?"

"I'm a soft-hearted old fool," grumbled Colonel Cary, "but you're young yet; 'twill do you no harm to waste a month or so, if you are so bent on it. But mind, if nothing turns up in that time you must be off; 'tis no good boys get idling at home at a girl's apron-string."

The sun sank lower, opal tints flushed across the smooth sea, the distant islands glowed like amethysts; and the bleak barren country was changed for a moment into a fairy land of promise, strewn with gold and jewels. The gentlemen finished their tobacco and bade each other good-night, and gray silence crept over the land.

"Where is Kitty?" asked Anne, coming to the door at supper-time. "Faith, I thought she was within there with you," answered Colonel Cary: "I hope she's not on that wild-goose chase after the treasure. I was a fool not to stop her vain talk, and now 'tis too dark entirely for her to be straying about the cliffs. I'll go and call her in."

The opposite cliffs echoed back his voice with "Kate, Kate." A startled seagull dashed past him, laughing and chuckling as though it mocked his useless shout. "Put the supper by, Nan," said Colonel Cary. "I don't feel at ease at all about the foolish child," and he started across the broken terrace down the path to the shore.

Long that night Anne Cary sat waiting and praying by the door. The vague fear that had stirred at Colonel Cary's words crept closer to her in the darkness and took shape, but she would not see it. Vehemently, urgently, she prayed; let all go, all be lost, house and country be taken from them, so the child were spared. How could she have rebelled at flying from Ireland four years before when she had her Kitty safe beside her! "Only one thing, good Lord, only one thing in all the world—give us back our child!" she moaned.

Not till the moon had set did Roger Cary return, and he returned alone.

"'Tis no use groping in the dark," he groaned. "I must wait for dawn. Denny O'Driscol has been with me; 'tis a warm heart that boy has, God

help him, and his dog is as eager as a Christian to help search," and he flung himself on the settle and buried his face in his cloak.

Anne piled more turf on the fire, whose blaze shone out like a beacon through the open door, and sat down once more on the step, but not to pray. Her heart was numb, her cold hand moved backwards and forwards, smoothing the cold stone that had been wet with her father's life-blood, as she murmured: "Yes, father, your curse may come home, I have not saved the child."

At the first gray glimmer of dawn Colonel Cary sprang from his seat. He dared not meet Anne's eye, but turned away his head as he said hoarsely, "'Tis most likely she has strayed over towards Drinagh, and will be sheltering in one of the cabins there. Tell Denny that's where I've gone, if he comes by."

Even as he spoke on the gray hillside opposite there was a movement, dim figures coming towards them. Anne gave a cry; she knew suddenly that she had been lying to herself, she had not given up hope, it was as strong, as certain as ever. But as the figures drew nearer she saw it was but Dennis with his great dog stalking solemnly behind him. No—she was mistaken, it was not only Dennis; what had he in his arms?

Colonel Cary sprang out past her and drew the lifeless form into his bosom. No arms but her father's should carry the cold little body of Katherine Cary into her desolate home.

"'Twas on your own strand the tide left her," groaned Dennis, and fell on his knees, hiding his face in the wet folds of the girl's gown.

Her yellow hair was tangled with sand and seaweed, but a half smile still played round her pale lips, and one little cold hand clutched a cup, a silver christening-cup. Katherine had kept her vow. She had found the hiding-place of the lost treasure, but her pale lips would never say the word that would bring back fortune to the Carys. She carried her secret away with her into the silent land.

Dorothea Townshend.

Temple Bar.

THE RELIC MARKET.

Notwithstanding the incidence of taxation, the growth of the butcher's bill, and the expansion of the coal merchant's account, the market in relics has for some time past been of a distinctly firm character, the "bulls" for the most part having everything so entirely their own way that the "bear" is likely to become as rare as the legendary dodo. All sorts and conditions of celebrities have been represented in the relic market of late, from Kruger to Charles "le Roi," whose remains have proved in the past, as in the present, veritable gold mines to those who possess them. Relics of Shakespeare and Garrick, Wellington, Napoleon, and Nelson, Gladstone and Beaconsfield, have also occupied the attention of purchasers within the last few months; but George III., Sir Walter Scott, Goldsmith, Louis XV. (whose gold snuff-box, enamelled after Fragonard, created such excitement when it realized 3,350*l.* in 1898), have rarely been mentioned; while Jean Jacques Rousseau, whose collar of brown hol-

land, with his initials "J. J. R." in red on the inner side, an article of attire referred to more than once in his letters, that was up for auction three years ago, has not been honored with a quotation for many months.

The article of attire once the property of the martyred King Charles that found its way into the market recently was a coat of blue silk embroidered with silver, with the sleeves and pocket turned up with scarlet cloth and lined throughout with red silk. This garment, a very precious relic, the King was wont to don on State occasions, and at other times to keep at Broughton Castle, in Oxfordshire, the seat of Lord Saye and Sele. The price obtained for the coat, 25*l.* 4*s.*, although it failed to attract any attention at the time of the sale, at which, by the way, the hide of the unfortunate French horse Holocauste, who was shot after meeting with an accident in the race for the Derby of 1899, was knocked down for 2*l.* 5*s.*, was distinctly disappointing, especially when compared with the sum, 210*l.*, given in 1898 for the fine sky-blue silk vest thirty-two inches long, which was worn by the King on the day of his execution. It was, perhaps, the fact that the vest was stained in several places with the blood of the martyred monarch that so greatly enhanced its value, for it not only eclipsed the price given for the Broughton Castle relic, but exceeded by 25*l.* five times the value set upon one-half of a cloak worn by him on the same fatal thirtieth of January, 253 years ago, which was sold in 1899 for 37*l.* The other half of the cloak, we gather, must be in the possession of the Royal family, for it is recorded that it was sold to Princess Charlotte, daughter of the Fourth George.

Although the figure representing the sum which the First Charles's coat of State sold for on the last occasion furnished something of a surprise to the collector of relics, he ought not to have been altogether unprepared, in view of the fact that in February, 1898, a Court waistcoat, embroidered and worked in colored silk, that was once the property of the Second Charles, "Le Roi No. 2," was knocked down for nine guineas. The nightcap worn by Charles I. on the night before his execution was presented to the Carisbrook Castle Museum about three years ago by Queen Victoria, and will consequently never figure in the auction-room; but in the unlikely event of the Wellington Pennells disposing of the King's white kid hawking gauntlet, embroidered with silver, that has been in their possession for over 200 years, or Mr. Beeston, of Market Drayton, selling the gloves worn by the King on the scaffold, and Lord Essex parting with the portion of the Garter donned by the ill-fated Charles on the same occasion, they and other possessors of relics of a kindred nature will have in the above figures a gauge whereby they can obtain an idea of the sums they may expect to receive.

When the blue velvet saddle embroidered in gold, with its stirrups of fine gilt bronze that was once the possession of Dom Pedro II., ex-Emperor of Brazil, and the green velvet saddle embroidered in silver and gold, once the property of the Empress Amélie, widow of Dom Pedro I., realized as much as 80*l.* two years last July, the handsome price obtained on the occasion of the sale proved beyond a doubt that the vendor had exercised considerable discrimination in choosing the date of the auction, in which respect he was closely followed by the individual who arranged to sell several Napoleonic relics on the anniversary of Waterloo Day three years ago. Relics of the great Napoleon are always eagerly sought after, as is

evinced by the fact that when in 1899 a silver-gilt sword, chased with classical ornament, and contained in the original leather-covered travelling case affected by Bonaparte when on tour, was put up to auction, it fetched no less than 650*l.* At another sale the same year a glass-tipped drinking goblet or tumbler used on similar occasions by the great soldier fetched 15*l.* 15*s.*, or 15*s.* more than a small silver teapot, in an oak box, that was used by the Iron Duke on his later campaigns (the Dublin Hall-mark bears the date 1807), realized about the same time.

These figures would suggest that further search in the State lumber-rooms of the French Government might be profitable, insomuch as at the last battue at the one-time head-quarter offices of the Paris garrison, in May, 1899, there were unearthed, in an old garret, all the pots, kettles, pans, and moulds, all marked with a First Empire crown and the initials "G. I.," comprising the *batterie de cuisine* of the officers of the Imperial Guard of the Great Napoleon, that would doubtless fetch a considerable sum if put up for sale. In July, 1900, a silver-gilt snuff-box, embossed with a wreath of vine leaves and grapes, "Presented," as the inscription inside tells us, "to Archd. Arnott, surgeon of His Majesty's XXth Foot, by Napoleon Bonaparte, on his death-bed at St. Helena, 1821," excited no little interest amongst those collectors affecting the Napoleonic era. The box, which bore on a panel the letter "N" roughly scratched by the dying man before he gave it to the doctor, fetched 140*l.*, or about seven times the sum obtained for a lock of Napoleon's hair, which, with a handkerchief that realized the modest sum of 18*s.* (an outlay that purchased in 1899 a piece of the stump cut off the stake at which Bishop Hooper was burnt in St. Mary's Square, Gloucester), was sold on the same day.

Earlier in the year, when Chantrey's bust of Scott realized 2,250 guineas, and a small tortoise-shell and silver-mounted casket, "Presented to Mrs. David Garrick by her esteemed friend Samuel Johnson, 1762," sold for 120*l.* 15*s.*, a pair of pistols, once the property of Napoleon I., fetched 47*l.* 5*s.* The Napoleon legend was very much in evidence that year. Of literary relics, the MS. diaries formerly the property of the aforementioned Mrs. David Garrick, having been unearthed in the office of a Lincoln's Inn firm of solicitors, where they had been lying for eighty years, were put to auction in July and sold well. The diaries, which contained many items similar to that appearing under the date "September 4, 1751.—A quarrel in the green-room between Old Cibber and Mrs. Clive, by his saying the stage wanted a handsome woman" (not the most tactful remark to make in an actress's presence) fetched 60*l.*, and the sale altogether realized 253*l.* 2*s.* 6*d.*

An inkpot used, as a letter from Mr. W. E. Henley attested, by the late Robert Louis Stevenson on numerous occasions, is another literary relic that was in the market recently, and it realized for the fund on whose behalf it was sold some 25*l.*, or about one-third of the sum given three years ago for a silver ornamental taper-stand originally purchased and presented to his mother by Sir Walter Scott with his first fee (5*l.* 5*s.*) as an advocate. The Malacca cane, 4 feet 7½ inches long, having a ferrule 5 inches in length, and a cream-colored earthenware jug, bequeathed by Shakespeare to his sister Joan Hart, realized 155*l.* early in the year 1900, and proved to be one of the few lots of relics that did not show an enhanced value upon their previous figures. Many years ago the jug sold for 20*l.* and the cane

for 5*l.*, but in 1893 the pair realized 162*l.* 5*s.* A lock of Grace Darling's hair, together with a piece of the "Forfarshire," the nine survivors of whose crew she rescued in 1838, sold for 4*l.* 5*s.* recently; but Lord Beaconsfield's pony chaise, when sold at Hughenden a year last October, only realized the small sum of 29*s.* A model of a ship cut out of a tree felled by Mr. Gladstone at Hawarden in 1866 is one of the few memorials of the great Home Rule statesman that have come into the miscellaneous division of the relic market of late years, but the price, 5*s.*, was far from indicating the prospect of an immediate boom in Gladstonian relics.

Another class of relic that has enjoyed a very quiet time recently is the Crimean War trophy; but in view of the fact that in a couple of years' time the jubilee of the campaign will be at hand, prices can be safely expected to harden, in the which most likely event the individual who purchased a very small portion of the colors of a Russian regiment, taken at Inkerman by the Grenadier Guards, together with a brass eagle, for 3*l.* 10*s.* three years last April—a sum that would probably have been enhanced had the sale been deferred to the anniversary of the battle on November 5—will, should he care to sell, have every reason to congratulate himself upon his astuteness.

The great run on Napoleonic relics which existed a few years ago is gradually giving place to a "bull" tendency in respect to the effects of Nelson, which may be accounted for, to a certain extent, by the raid on the Nelson relics at Greenwich, which, however, does not affect the relic market in any other manner than to add to the interest that will be evinced at the next great sale of the Admiral's effects that takes place. If the miscreant who stole the nation's relics of the national hero was led to do so by the prices that were current when several mementoes of the great sailor were put up to auction about two years ago he must by now be very sensible as to the difference that lies between the sentimental and actual values of booty such as he acquired. Two years last March a silver two-handled cup presented to the Admiral by Lady Hamilton inscribed "From Emma, July 2, 1798," sold for 115*l.* 10*s.*; a rapier, the pommel set with a turquoise and brilliant cluster, which was taken from a French officer at the battle of the Nile and courteously presented to Nelson by Admiral Bruys, fetched 50*l.*, and a gold ring with an intaglio bust of Nelson engraved "Lord Nelson, ob. 21 October, 1805," 7*l.* 7*s.* Should any of these relics be put up to auction three years hence—*i.e.*, in the Nelson and Trafalgar Centenary Year—it will be interesting to note the prices they realize. A corner in Nelson relics, if engineered during the next three years, would, in view of the hundredth anniversary of his death, in all probability, be not unattended by pecuniary success.

Mementoes of Oliver Cromwell are as infrequently sold as New River Shares; it is therefore somewhat remarkable that in the course of half-a-dozen months two relics of the Protector should change owners. Another peculiarity with regard to these sales is the disproportionate values put upon the respective relics. For instance, an old English "beutel," resembling a military water-bottle, mounted with two silver shields having a medallion portrait of the Lord Protector and the Royal Arms engraved thereon, which also bore the inscription "Oliver Cromwell, Lord Protector, 1653," sold for 84*l.*, or about one-fifth the sum received for a richly embroidered cope formerly the property of Pope Sixtus IV. (1471-

1484), which was in the market at the same time; while the collection of eleven pieces, comprising a portion of the Protector's layette, and including a cap with the words "Sweet Bab, don't cry—1599"—the date of his birth—embroidered upon it, fetched but 32*l.* in the aggregate. The average price of these latter garments, by the way, compared most unfavorably with the value set upon the tiny shoe worn by the baby King of Rome, which was presented in a crystal casket, resting on a cushion of violets, "as a memento of her triumphant resurrection of *L'Aiglon*," to Madame Sarah Bernhardt recently, or with the small enamelled gold Masonic ring, once the property of the Hon. Miss Aldworth, *née* St. Leger, the only lady Freemason, which realized 12*l.* two years last July.

Harold Macfarlane.

Longman's Magazine.

CRAFT CRAMPS.

Craft cramp, or craft palsy, is a nervous disease "caused by handicraft or interfering with it; the body being otherwise unaffected." Dr. Vivian Poore, a well-known specialist, says (*A System of Medicine*, vol. viii.), there can be no reason why any occupation which involves the incessant repetition of some one action should not give rise to a "cramp" of this sort. A French scientist, Dr. Duchenne, describes these peculiar cramps or palsies as "professional impotences, whereby the patient finds himself unable to perform the particular acts by which he earns his living." In extreme cases the patient may become totally and permanently incapacitated.

Sometimes, to begin with an example not too familiar, the impotence may take the form of a strange affection of the eyes, from which miners have been known to suffer. What is called "miner's nystagmus" has been found among workers in mines both in England and in France. In walking or creeping along the narrow, low-roofed tunnel of a mine, the miner goes with his head down and his eyes strained upwards. Again, the miner engaged in getting coal by "holing," lies prone on his side in an awkward and uneasy attitude, and his eye is turned "obliquely upwards and to one side." In both situations the strain upon the eye is extreme, and may give rise to nystagmus, when the organ of vision is thrown out of gear, so to speak, and the sight ceases to be true. Cases not wholly dissimilar are those of students or hard readers, whose eyes give out or who suffer from vertigo; of postmen worrying over ill-addressed envelopes; and of savants engaged in the terrible labor of deciphering manuscripts. Duchenne records the case of a patient of his own, a young man, who committed suicide when his eyes had refused their office of reading. Dr. Poore was consulted by a watchmaker who was "seized with a painful cramp" whenever he tried to hold his watchmaker's lens in his eye. These are instances of the failure, through fatigue, of what are called the muscles of accommodation.

Stammering, as distressing as any among the lesser disorders we are prey to, is an obvious hindrance in some callings, and would completely debar its victim from entrance into others. A stammerer in the pulpit

could seldom edify; a stammerer on the stage would be impossible. An extreme instance of stammering as a "professional impotence" is that of the auctioneer who suddenly found himself unable to say, "going, going—gone!"

As illustrations these are, however, for the most part a little out of the common.

What is universally known as writer's cramp is the nervous disease of handicraft the doctors are best acquainted with. It is what one might almost call the current, household, or ready-made instance of craft palsy. "Cases of difficulty in writing," says Dr. Poore, "are far more common than all the other craft palsies taken together. In the past twenty-five years I have seen many hundred cases of craft palsy of one kind and another, and of these at least ninety per cent. have been cases of 'writing difficulty.'" There are patent reasons for this. Most of us are writers to some extent, and the name of the professional clerk is legion. Hence, if there were anything in the mere act of writing which was especially liable to derangement, we should expect to find that the palsy of writing, among those who use the pen for a living (I speak here of the pen as a tool and of penmanship as a clerkly calling), was not only a usual and prevalent, but a quite preponderant disease of its kind. Now, the act of writing is, in fact, exceptionally liable to derangement. It is, in the main, exceptionally liable to derangement because of the immense and extraordinary variety of muscular exertion which goes to produce the properly written word. My pen, as I write these lines, moves almost automatically, and I am conscious of no effort but the intellectual one of giving birth and form to my successive sentences. But the mother who gives the child its first lessons in writing sees the pen clutched convulsively betwixt finger and thumb, the little legs twisted around the leg of the table, the eyes fixed, the mouth twitching, the forehead puckered; all these terrific efforts directed to the making of the first pot-hook—"almost every muscle of the body is engaged." And this conscious strain in the endeavor to write continues during years. The schoolboy, after four, five or six years in class, is still painfully "forming his hand"; and the full-blown clerk has not acquired it within a year or two's drudgery at the ledger. Some of us never write to be read, but only to be deciphered. It is to be noted that the form of muscular fatigue called writer's cramp is usually confined, or chiefly confined, to the fingers which grasp the pen. The muscles which drive it seem to be much less affected.

In all occupations which involve a prolonged, habitual, and more or less incessant muscular strain, there is a liability to break down; but, as might be expected, the break-down rarely occurs in early life. The craft palsy, that is to say, is the untoward result of sticking steadily to the trade one has to live by; of sticking to it till the muscles concerned are so completely wearied that they will no longer respond to the bidding of the brain—willy nilly, they go on strike: and the disease affects alike the highly skilled artisan, the indifferent one, and the bungler. When the craft palsy proper attacks a very young worker, some congenital defect is generally looked for.

Old women earning a little by knitting, which is a complicated process, are sometimes forced to lay their needles aside.

The professional pianist, compelled to practise many hours a day, is liable to a disabling form of wrist cramp. We may not often hear of the collapse of a Paderewski; but the humbler ar-

tist, toiling heroically over the technique, and who has never done with the scales, may find some dreadful morning that the extensors of the wrist and fingers are seemingly paralyzed. It is time then to call on the doctor, even at the risk that his verdict may mean little less than professional extinction. Happily, however, for the army of small piano-players and teachers, cramp of the most serious kind is infrequent in this calling. The manipulation of the key telegraph is a somewhat similar exercise, but one which apparently does not often lead to nervous breakdown.

The bow-arm of the violinist is apt to get cramped while the learner is going through his arduous apprenticeship; but when this is over, and the day of artistic execution has arrived, the movements of the bow-arm are so delicate as almost to preclude the possibility of strain. With the violin and 'cello it is the left hand that does the greatest amount of muscular work, and this accordingly is the hand most prone to suffer; yet the master player, a Sarasate or a Nachez, will enthral his hearers through the hours of a long recital with scarcely any consciousness of physical fatigue. What strain there is, is chiefly felt in the higher nerve centres. Dr. Poore cites from Duchenne the case of a priest "who had a mania for playing the hautboy, and, as a consequence (as the patient thought) of excessive practicing on this instrument, he became troubled with a spasmodic contraction of the muscles of the right half of the abdomen, which came on with each inspiration for a sufficient blast. Consequently the hautboy often emitted wrong notes, which considerably astonished his congregation."

I take from the "Lancet" (June 28, 1890) an instance of the effect of bagpipe-playing on the teeth:

Mr. Macleod, at a meeting of the Odonto-Chirurgical Society, said that, having his attention drawn to a single case, he has been led to examine the teeth of various pipers, and all of them presented "wearing away" of the cutting edges of six front teeth, in a greater or lesser degree, varying with the density of the tooth-structure and the time engaged in pipe-playing. He found on inquiry that, on the average, it took about four years to make a well-marked impression, but that once the enamel edge was worn through, the "wearing away" was more rapid. Every one was aware of the way in which the tobacco-pipe wore the teeth of the smoker, but this was not to be wondered at, the baked pipeclay being a hard and gritty substance, but that a horn mouthpiece should have such an appreciable effect was, he thought, a matter of curious interest. He might mention, however, that the mouthpiece suffered more than the teeth, the average life of a horn mouthpiece being twelve to eighteen months, that of a bone or ivory one being about two years. The peculiarity noticed was a crescent-shaped aperture on the cutting edge of the front teeth in three localities—viz., between the central incisors and between the lateral and canine on both sides. Mr. Macleod offers no explanation, but might not one be found in the friction caused by the constant movement of the mouthpiece during playing?

In the same journal (March 29, 1890) appeared the following letter on the subject of the clarionet:

In reply to "B Flat," I beg to say that I used to play the cornet, and found that it had a decided tendency to increase some friction and pain of dry pleurisy from which I suffered. I then changed to the clarionet, with complete relief to the symptoms. I was after a few years tempted to return to a brass instrument, and had a return of the pain. I think that with moderate skill there could be no injury to the neck from playing the clarionet. It is not a question of hard blowing, but of "knack" in the management of the reed, and in keeping the whole instrument in order. I think a wind instrument requires almost as much care as a watch. *C Natural.*

It is, however, in the occupations mainly mechanical, involving the constant repetition of some particular and more or less automatic movement or series of movements, that the true craft palsy most commonly arises. "I have seen," says Dr. Vivian Poore, "a case of 'sawyer's cramp' in a man who made 'packing-cases' by the piece. . . . Another interesting case was that of a man whose work consisted in covering pickle-jars with bladder. In this case it was the left hand which became impotent, and the muscles affected were the flexors of the finger which tightly grasped the top of the jar."

But it matters little what the trade is, provided the conditions are there which may tend to induce partial or complete impotence of a particular group of muscles. In all probability there is scarcely a workshop in the kingdom from which the possibilities of craft cramp in some form would be completely excluded. In greater or less degree the disability might be found in the composing-room of a printing office, in the sewing-room of a dressmaking establishment, in the tailor's shop, in the carpenter's, in the upholsterer's, in the ironmonger's—the list might be extended *ad inf.* Dr. Poore has observed cases of bricklayer's cramp, in which the difficulty consisted in handling the trowel; and of milker's cramp, in which the milker could no longer grasp the teat.

Dancing, not the pastime of the ball-room, but the severe occupation of the trained and paid performer, is very liable to cause functional derangement when the toes are forced to bear the weight of the entire frame, the muscles of the calf being then subjected to an excessive strain. Dancer's cramp is said to be by no means uncommon.

The shop-assistant and shop-walker, one of whom is more or less always standing and the other more or less always walking, are apt to contract a condition of the foot which the medical profession recognizes as "flat foot." It is observed that "when the foot is taken off the ground the arch of the foot reappears." This disfigurement is more likely to be found in young persons who "have not finished growing," than in adults.

Dr. Poore (*Lancet*, August 23, 1890) describes a case of "mercurial tremor," the patient being an Italian aged sixty-two. He came to England at the age of seventeen, and had been working here for thirty-four years as a looking-glass silverer. His duty was to "run" the mercury over tin-foils spread upon sheets of glass; he was therefore constantly handling mercury and exposed to its fumes. With the exception of the mercurial tremor, the direct toxic effects of his trade, Dr. Poore found the man in perfect health. The tremor affected the hands mainly and the right hand more than the left. When at rest, the arms and hands of the patient were steady, but the instant he attempted to use his hands they were seized with an excessive trembling and shaking. He could not pick up a scrap of paper, he could not feed himself, and he was obliged to drink through a glass tube, owing to the impossibility of holding a cup steadily to his lips. The tremor was so "coarse" (unlike the tremor from alcohol or general paralysis) that when he tried to use his hands they jerked through several inches of space. He had been attacked first twenty-six years earlier, and after thirteen weeks' treatment in the London Hospital had completely recovered. Eight years later he had had a second attack, and from that also he had made a satisfactory recovery. After three weeks' treatment for the third attack, the Italian left the hos-

pital much improved, and able to feed himself, but still far from well.

Dr. Poore says that cases of mercurial tremor are rare in this country, although "met with among workmen whose occupation brings them in contact with mercury or its salts." Mirror-makers are a class who have always been recognized as liable, "but not very liable," to chronic mercurial poisoning. At the present day, however, mirrors are made largely by chemical methods, the salts of silver being employed more than those of mercury. Cases of mercurial poisoning in this trade are likely therefore, to become rarer and rarer.

Dr. Poore had under his care in the hospital a mat-maker, forty years of age, whose left arm had become so stiff, contracted, and absolutely useless, that he could no longer follow his craft. The joints of this arm were so stiff that they "creaked audibly," and, although sensation was but little impaired the power of voluntary movement was almost *nil*.

In "tailor's cramp" the trouble seems generally to begin with a certain weakness of the right thumb and forefinger, which makes it difficult to hold the needle; and this difficulty increases until the tailor is obliged to give up work. There is little to see in the hand affected, any more than there is in a case of writer's cramp or writer's palsy; but, after a few stitches, the needle held between the thumb and forefinger eludes the tailor's grasp, and he can no longer push it through the fabric.

On the subject of glassblower's cramp—a professional deformity of the hand to which attention has not often been drawn—a French specialist, M. Poncet, made an interesting communication some years ago to the Académie des Sciences. He described the deformity as consisting in a permanent and very pronounced flexion of the fingers upon the hand, which was more pronounced in the case of the third and fourth fingers than in that of the other two, leaving the thumb wholly unaffected. The inflexion occurred principally at the second joint, so that the second phalanx was fixed almost at right angles to the first. The malady, said M. Poncet, was unaccompanied by pain. The "distal joints" were more or less deformed, the fingers were bent into a curve and could not be extended. The skin of the palmar surface was somewhat thicker and more callous than was usual even with manual laborers. This deformity, known among French glassblowers as *main en crochet* or *main fermée*, comes on after a short practice of the art of glassblowing, and increases progressively. It appears to attack the majority of glassblowers, and, naturally, is most marked in those who have been longest at the work. M. Poncet regards it as due to the continuous application of the hand to the tube with which a glassblower manipulates his "metal." Thus, during the eight hours a day through which such a man ordinarily works, his fingers are without intermission kept closed about this tube, and the constraint induces, even within a month, some difficulty in effecting complete extension. This difficulty gradually becomes greater and greater, until at last it develops into a completely crippled condition of the hand. Altogether, according to M. Poncet, the trade of the glassblower as pursued in France is so unhealthy that the operatives who habitually take it up as young men are obliged to abandon it at about thirty-five years of age, "and do so with their hands permanently crippled in such a way as to render them useless for almost any other occupation."

Tighe Hopkins.

OUR DEBT TO GILBERT WHITE.

Gilbert White's house at Selborne is for sale, and a movement is, we understand from the letter of "Naturalist" published in our correspondence columns, being made to collect funds for its purchase and maintenance as a memorial of the old naturalist and scholar who has endeared himself to innumerable English-speaking disciples in this country, in the Colonies, and in the United States. The house, which is a good old-fashioned gentleman's residence, fronting the main street of the village, but with a good lawn and garden, in which stands White's sun-dial, and pleasure grounds behind it, certainly does enshrine and conjure up a great store of sweet memories to the visitor who has the good fortune to have made its former master's daily thoughts his own daily companions from the pages of his book. There is the lawn and the walks on which he noted the intrusions of the hedgehogs. "The manner in which they eat the roots of the plantain in my grass walks is very curious; with their upper mandible, which is much longer than their lower, they bore under the plant, and so eat the root off upward, leaving the tuft of leaves untouched. In this respect they are serviceable. But they deface the walks in some measure by digging little round holes." We can almost see the old gentleman now looking seriously at those little round holes, and then going into his library to put together his notes on the softness of the spines of infant hedgehogs. There are the tall hedges round "my fields" in which he noted a little warbler fidgeting about late in the year, and so got his gun, probably not without hesitation, to collect it, but "it was so desultory that I missed my aim." There is the ornamented piece of ground near "my garden" where "the hoopoes used to march about in a stately manner, feeding on the walks, many times in the day, and seemed disposed to breed in my outlet, but were frightened and persecuted by idle boys, who would never let them rest." Upstairs, too, is that pleasant bedroom from the window of which he saw as he used to rise in the morning "the swallows and martins clustering on the chimneys and thatch of the neighboring cottages, and could not help being touched with a secret delight, mixed with some degree of mortification; with delight to observe with how much ardor and punctuality these poor little birds obeyed the strong impulses towards migration, or hiding, imprinted on their minds by their great Creator; and with some degree of mortification when I reflected that after all our pains and inquiries we are not yet quite certain to what regions they do migrate, and are still further embarrassed to find that they do not migrate at all." Certainly the preservation of the house as a kind of national relic is well within the limit of things desirable; for it is a *thing* most suggestive of ideas, and ideas were the main legacy bequeathed by White to posterity. His book became a classic not so much for its contents, charming as they are, as for the frame of mind which it induced in the reader. There can be little doubt that it was to give expression to this mental attitude towards Nature, and this unusual appreciation of the interest inherent in things like the birds, springs, trees, heaths, and animal life of a district, which was nevertheless only part of the whole scheme of Nature of the country, that White published his

notes. He felt obliged to apologize to some extent, and did so by pointing out that he was suggesting a new mode of writing parochial history, which might in turn become the basis of a new form of county history. He was quite right, and the idea has found expression quite on the lines he had in mind in the magnificent series of the "Victoria County Histories" now being published by Messrs. Constable. But we feel instinctively convinced that his "pursuits" gave him such deep and tranquil pleasure that he wished to see how far they would appeal to the general public of his day, and whether they might not possibly be ready to take the view of them which he did himself, and which he did not wish to see confined only to his select circle of correspondents, such as Markwell and Daines Barrington and Pennant. He refused a College living that he might not be taken from the surroundings to which his studies and observation were by that time indissolubly linked, and he only survived the publication of his book four years. Thus he never lived long enough away from Selborne for it to become merely objective in his thoughts, neither was the result of his gentle experiment ever known by him.

Its success has been indeed astonishing. It was slow and gradual, but the book was never lost sight of, going through enough editions in the first half of the nineteenth century to keep it on the shelves of country houses, and to form a present for "young persons," as he hoped it might be. By the middle of the century the leading naturalists of the country, such as Professor Bell and Yarrell and others, professed themselves the loving disciples of White, though they knew twenty times as much natural history; and a succession of the best authorities on the subjects which White employed his leisure in observing and making conjectures about have edited and re-edited his book. Yet it is in no sense a work of reference. Much of it is carefully written scraps. Though White corresponded with learned naturalists and had their works, he was practically alone. He lets us see this constantly, and takes us into his confidence and tells us his conjectures and experiments. The spirit of the book, and not its facts, gave it its extraordinary influence. It set a mode of thought and endless possibilities before every one who, like him, was "a stationary man" in the country. It showed something, and suggested much, of the mental activities which first-hand observation of Nature can give in almost any locality. It gave encouragement to the natural tendency of Englishmen to excel in seeing for themselves. It more especially encouraged the observation of the habits of animals. With a few exceptions, such as Brehm, English writers are first and the rest nowhere in their discoveries and knowledge of the ways of the animal world when the creatures are left to themselves. As field naturalists they are simply unrivalled, and White was the first of them to *communicate* their latent power, and to make them dimly feel that they had it.

There may have been generations of Gilbert Whites in Japan, equipped, that is, with his spirit, and there certainly have been some sixty artists who knew as much as Bewick, and belonged to schools which limited their work to the delineation of the forms and habits of birds and insects. But considering the kind of activities which occupied the attention of this country at the time, it is remarkable that an artist who gave complete expression in form to the things which White saw, though he was entirely detached in locality and education, arose so soon after White's death. We mean

Thomas Bewick, to whose work, whether in illustrating the portraits of birds or morsels of rural scenery, from a piece of bark to an adventure on the high road, there is *nihil simile aut secundum*. It is significant that nearly all those who now make the endless branches of the tree of Nature their study or pastime unite in acknowledging their debt to Gilbert White. It was a tribute he never would have claimed, and which he did not publish his book to seek. It is entirely spontaneous, it grew up of itself, and it increases in force. The suggestions of the old Fellow of Oriel living in his pretty country house are followed by hundreds of field clubs and natural history societies, and antiquarian and Nature study clubs. They are informally part of the interests of five Englishmen and Englishwomen out of every six among the more educated classes, and there is a strong desire to impart them as a form of education to the poorer children in the elementary schools. Nor must we forget that in the United States, where Audubon was the pioneer of half-serious natural history, and obtained a great following later, the lines of thought which Gilbert White transmitted are quite as strongly marked as they are in this country.

The Spectator.

GLACIERS AND CIVILIZATION.

Some two hundred thousand years ago, at the beginning of that Quaternary Age to which the more moderate anthropologists limit the appearance of man upon the earth, the face of Europe was widely different from what it is now. A belt of land, of which Great Britain, Ireland and Iceland formed the highest points, stretched from Europe to North America, while England and France formed one continuous continent. Over this last there ranged mammoths, elephants, rhinoceroses, and hippopotami, together with the sabre-toothed tiger, who was probably the most terrible of the flesh-eaters of the ancient world. Here, too, dwelt man, a nomad and a hunter, sleeping, like Robinson Crusoe, in trees, acquainted with the use of fire and armed with a single weapon made from a roughly-chipped flint. He either lived in single pairs or in groups of two or three families, and it is not yet quite settled that he had then acquired the use of speech. He seems to have gone completely naked, and to have haunted only the flat country and the banks of rivers. As for religion, he had none at all, and he threw his dead into the midden in which are found the bones of the animals he struck down for food. In all respects he seems to have been a most unpleasant and irreclaimable savage.

As time went on, however, the climate in which the man of Western Europe found himself, changed. Formerly it was warm, genial, and without any extremes of heat and cold, to which uniformity some of the learned are inclined to attribute our ancestor's disinclination to improve himself. But now there came a change. There had always been, as there is now, an "ice-cap" or region of intense cold round the North Pole, and now this began to move slowly southward. Some writers have supposed this to be due to the earth entering in its revolution round the sun into an especially cold region of space. Others that it was due to the displacement of the

earth's axis. But neither of these guesses seems to have any astronomical foundation, while the gradual rising of the Continent of Europe and the consequent submersion of the belt of land between England and America seem sufficient of themselves to account for the phenomenon. What is certain is that the ice-cap, either in the shape of a vast sea filled with floating masses of ice or more probably as one huge glacier, crept down until it had covered all England nearly as far south as London, all Scandinavia, save for the high mountain ranges of what are now Sweden and Norway, and all Russia as far south as Moscow. The pieces of rock and gravel which this immense mass of ice pushed before it can be seen lying like seaweed at high-water mark in an irregular line which stretches from the Gulf of Tcheskaya in Russia across Prussia, Denmark, and Holland, crossing our own country just above the valley of the Thames. Meanwhile the other ice-centres of Europe, such as the highest parts of the Alps, Apennines, and the Pyrenees, underwent an enormous extension of their ice-covered surface, the glaciers, by their vertical pressure as they ceased to move, scooping out the hollows which afterwards became such lakes as that of Geneva. It seemed as if all Europe were to be blotted out under one huge sheet of ice.

The first to fly before the advancing cold into the regions that remained temperate were the herb-eating animals who found the leaves and grasses on which they fed either killed or covered by the ice. Then followed the flesh-eaters who preyed upon their more peaceable fellows, and, with them, man, who was probably even then one of the most destructive flesh-eaters of them all. But here they found a new danger awaiting them. The tilting of the earth's floor which led to the filling up of the Atlantic Ocean and perhaps some increase in the flooding of what is now the desert of Sahara had caused the formation of a mass of vapor which descended in the form of rain upon all lands south of the ice-cap. The rains seem to have fallen almost incessantly, swelling further the already swollen rivers into floods and surpassing the Biblical Deluge in so far that they must have lasted for years and centuries instead of days. What became of the other animals during this time we do not know, but probably the strength and swiftness of the larger brutes like the elephants and tigers enabled them to transport themselves to high ground beyond the reach of the floods. As for man, the weakest and yet the most resourceful of the larger brutes, he took refuge from the storms in grottoes and caverns, and it was here that, for the first time, he became a social animal. Here the fire, which on the banks of the stream where he had before made his resting-place was perhaps only an occasional accident, became really the domestic hearth round which huddled all the different families compelled by the storms to take refuge in the cave. Here for the first time the long periods of enforced idleness from the chase induced him to make himself clothes from the skins of the animals which he snared or ran down. Here, too, the leisure and perhaps the spirit of emulation produced by the society of his fellows, led him to fashion new weapons and tools, to make scrapers for skins, axes for cutting, maces for striking, instead of the clumsy chipped flint held in the hand which, in the earlier days, formed his only implement. And here especially, the pressure of common danger and the need of organized defence against the cave-bear and the cave-lion led him

to elect a common leader as stags and horses are wont to do, to whose rule he voluntarily submitted. The arts of decoration, of industry and of government all took their rise within the cave.

At length the glaciers retreated, and as the new vegetation sprang up in their wake, the animals followed it northward, and with the animals went man. But it was a changed being who went with them, and after this his rise was rapid. The drying-up of the land had cleared away the fogs which had for so long hid the sun, and henceforth the summers were more hot, while the winters, owing to radiation, were more cold than before. Hence the animals—now chiefly the horse and the reindeer—by which primitive man lived, migrated at fixed times in search of the climate necessary to them, and man became a traveller. True, too, to the lessons of mutual help that he had learned in the cave, he hit upon a plan of division of labor, so that the most skilful handicraftsman stayed at home and made axes, while the swiftest and strongest hunter used them abroad for their mutual sustenance. And now began the dawnings of art. Vanity seems to have been its first motive; for its earliest efforts seem to have been directed to painting the face with different colored earths, to making ornaments that were not yet amulets, and to adorning the skins in which the artist was clad. But before long, art began to be practised for its own sake, or rather for the pleasure that it gave to the practiser, and weapons, tools, and sometimes the rocks were covered with pictorial representations of animals and of man himself. It is even possible that in the figures shown upon certain colored stones belonging to palæolithic times, we have the first precursor of a system of writing. And as the materials necessary for such designs were not always to be found in one place, while well-decorated weapons, tools and clothes had a certain value of their own, some sort of system of barter with distant tribes sprang up, and so trade was born.

Here we must stop. It is the opinion of writers like M. de Mortillet that in Europe, at all events, the education of our ancestors was completed by the invasion of tribes coming from Asia Minor, who introduced among the aborigines the domestication of animals, the practice of agriculture, and finally, religion, war, and slavery. It may be so, although this raises the question how these invaders themselves came to be instructed in these matters, which is a question which cannot here be answered. Perhaps enough has been said to show us in these days of Alpine accidents, when the ice takes its toll of victims as regularly as does the sea, how important a part the glacier, now only thought of as part of the regular furniture of the playground of Europe, has formerly played in the civilization of the European man.

F. Legge.

The Academy.

BOOKS AND AUTHORS.

"Roger Drake, Captain of Industry" is a book that thoroughly deserves the attention which its sub-title is sure to attract. Its story is told in the first person, with a steady straightforwardness as artistic as it is simple. Roger Drake's "industry" is copper, in which, after two years of random prospecting, he makes a big strike. Then follow, gradually, the usual difficulties with smelting companies, railroads, competing mines, legislatures and courts, till at last the "trust" ends in a "corporation" under the laws of New Jersey. The author's point of view is sympathetic rather than hostile, and the personal element which he introduces into the business rivalry by making it a rivalry in love as well, allows him to show his hero's character in more than one aspect. The lesser figures stand out with remarkable distinctness, while the heroine is drawn with real delicacy and charm. Henry Kitchell Webster—already known as joint author of the popular novel "Calumet 'K'"—is to be congratulated on a strong piece of work. The Macmillan Co.

Elizabeth L. Banks's name will be recalled by many magazine-readers as that of the bright young American who made such a stir in London newspaper circles, a few years back, by venturing into domestic service in quest of "copy," and following up her series called "In Cap and Apron" with others in the same sprightly style, describing her experiences as a flower-girl, dressmaker's apprentice, crossing-sweeper and what not. Her work as a journalist, in the South and West, as well as in New York and London, now furnishes the material for a very readable volume of reminiscences, which Dodd, Mead & Co. publish under the title, "The Autobiography of a 'Newspaper Girl.'" Miss Banks is lavish with her detail, but not beyond the limits of good taste, and the personalities which make her pages attractive are not in the least ill-natured. To anyone wishing practical knowledge of the journalist's profession as a field for women, her book will be really valuable.

The exasperating inequalities of Kipling's work are particularly obtrusive in his volume of "Just So Stories," and they have pushed their way with really impish perversity into the opening pages. The reader finds "How the Whale Got his Throat" flat, and "How the Camel Got his Hump" forced, and is ready to lay down the book in disgust without learning "How the Rhinoceros Got his Skin." But it is never safe to lay Kipling down too soon. "How the Leopard Got his Spots" begins to repay perseverance, and "The First Armadillo" and "The Elephant's Child" recall the joys of the "Jungle Book." But there is nothing in the Jungle Books to rival "The Cat that Walked by Himself"—a real masterpiece, with a simplicity of dramatic effect that will make it a nursery classic, in spite of the by-play for "grown-ups," which is such a blemish. That alone puts this volume near the head of Kipling's long procession. He has given it special distinction by illustrating it himself, with explanatory notes as droll as his sketches. Doubleday, Page & Co.

THE CHILDREN OF THE PALE.

[Selig Brodetski, the son of a Spitalfields Jew pedlar (who never went to school, and was provoked to emigrate by Russian restrictions on his trade), educated at the Jews' Free School in Bell Lane, E., and at the Central Foundation School, has come out first, out of three hundred and thirty candidates, in the examination for Intermediate County Council Scholarships.]

Whence comes this motley, dark-eyed, swarthy crowd
Of alien children in a London street,
With laughter and with chatter shrill and loud,
And hurrying feet?

From that far land they come whose eagles look
O'er east and west. Their fathers crossed the waves
Because they would no longer tamely brook
The lot of slaves.

For generations in the gloom they dwelt
Dark as the sunless forests of the North,
Till suddenly within their hearts they felt
The call, "Come forth!"

The moss-grown walls of hoary synagogue
And school, the field of Death than Life more kind.
The jewelled tables of the Decalogue,
They left behind.

But in their hearts, as in the Holiest Place,
They bore the ark, its manna and its rod,
The lust of knowledge and the pride of race,
The awe of God.

And on their children's faces I behold
Flashes and gleams, as from some inner shrine,
Recalling ancient stories proudly told
Of Israel's line.

B. Paul Neuman.

The Spectator.

COWARD MEMORY.

A street half flecked with shade and sun,
A last year's leaf along it blown,
A gray wall where green lichens run;
Like water falling on dry stone,
A robin's ripe notes dropping one by one.

Sad sun and shade and sadness over all
The distance blended into solemn hues,
On the warm air suspended as a pall
The sweetness dying violets diffuse,
While from a single tree the ashen elm-flowers fall.

At the street's sudden end a shining square,
The sunny threshold of an open door,
Thick with the dust of an untrodden stair
That leads beyond me to the upper floor—
Then memory halts—it dares not enter there.

Ellen Glasgow.

RONDEAU OF REGRET.

Oh, heart of mine! hast thou forgot
The sands in moonlight stretching gray
About the silver bend of bay?
Laughter and love are forgotten not!

Passion and pain of after-lot:
These may come; they are come this day,
Oh, heart of mine!

But when with sadness overfraught,
Will there not come to the soul, to stay,
A dream of dunes in the moonlight's way,
And the dear old love return unsought,
Oh, heart of mine?

Isabel Keith Campbell.

Chambers's Journal.